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THE BOOKMAN

JOHN FARRAR, *Editor*

THE POINT OF VIEW

PIRATES

YEARS ago — almost generations ago — the publishing situation in the United States was in a state of chaos. No copyright treaty with Great Britain existed and publishers on both sides of the Atlantic frankly and freely appropriated the work and genius of their fellow publishers on the opposite side of the ocean. To such an extent was this carried on that in the Eighties of last century publishers in America resorted to the great expense of *cabling* the full text of important books in order to outwit competitors. This practice became known as "piracy" and the individuals engaged in this ethically contraband pursuit were known as "pirates". But broadly speaking, they were heroic and bold and no statute existed in legal restraint.

In 1891 there was executed the copyright treaty with Great Britain, and from that date onward there was a gradual decline in the practice until it was no longer respectable to be a follower of the black flag and some of the offending houses took on the cloak of dignity and respectability.

Then for a period the lines were still more clearly drawn; the pirate became an outlaw and there existed a fine spirit of equity and good will, not only among the publishers of America but also as between the publishers of America and Great Britain, to the great good of authors and publishers of both countries.

But tradition in some instances proved stronger than ethics, and there has been a recrudescence of piracy — the black flag has been hoisted by some publishers in America and the modern weapons of warfare introduced. The oldtime sailing craft, with its picturesquely bold personnel, its broadsides of shot, has given way to the suave gentlemen of *Kultur* who direct the use of the poisonous gases of subterfuge and intrigue — the high explosives of deliberate misrepresentation and the scraps of paper of fraternal deceit. Authors and not individual books have become the spoils of these depredations. Such a condition is particularly unhealthy for the author. Most publishers, either from friendship or necessity, are meticulously loyal to their authors. Many publishers would not trespass upon the prerogatives of their

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confrères; but in every coterie there are certain to arise the Judas or Judases who think more of thirty pieces of silver than of conscience or good will. It would be a sad day for authors and publishers alike if the leaven should extend and open war be declared. Yet such is the inevitable result if the methods of some be persisted in, for it is growingly difficult, if not impossible, to turn the other cheek.

THE EAGER MASSES

EACH spring, when schools and colleges are closing, the summer sessions of various educational institutions prepare to welcome flooding thousands who come with open pores to soak in wisdom for winter's thought. The number of applicants varies from hundreds at some retreats to nearly fifteen thousand at Columbia University. Many of these students are teachers whose progress depends on their ability to keep up to date in a specialized field. Others are simply on the path of adult education, or developing some fond avocation. All of them, practically, are eager; if not eager for study, at least eager for new contacts. What a tremendous opportunity lies here for the spreading of an intellectual, a tolerant, a forthright viewpoint! Visitors to these schools come away with the impression that in many cases they are hotbeds of silly gossip and political intrigue. This is not entirely true. Whatever muddled outlook results is due more to negligence on the part of authority than any attempt to foster a moral or mental viewpoint that shall be either radical or dryly academic.

There are wise exceptions to this lack of perspicacity. In some schools open forums are held, badly run and without an iron hand to guide them, but nevertheless places where the man from Utah or the woman from California may exchange viewpoints with the Harvard instructor. Furthermore, there are possibilities for international contacts; many of these schools are well sprinkled with foreigners. After all, the actual book learning which can be gained from a crowded two or three months' study is as nothing to the intellectual lanes opening from a mass of interested and open and diverse minds. Those who argue against the mushroom growth of organized mass education should remember that it can be used to spread a propaganda of tolerance that has as a first principle the total absence of propaganda. The provincial mind can be broadened, the metropolitan viewpoint freshened. Such a result, however, is not one which occurs by gentle accident. It must be planned by school executives and met by a desire on the part of summer students. Easterners will do well to seek western schools if they have any suspicion that their outlook is bound to the New England coast. Westerners are perhaps more likely to find the older eastern universities luring. So large a mental shake up each year, increasing as it does, cannot fail to be of use, whether for doctrinaire opinion or solid thought, to those who are interested in the education of adult America.

LEISURE AND TECHNIQUE

AN English novelist of major reputation recently took the time to read a score of novels by Americans. Some of them were volumes by authors whose reputations on both sides of the Atlantic are assured. Three others

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particularly interested him: a third novel, a second, and a first. These were F. Scott Fitzgerald's "The Great Gatsby", Cyril Hume's "Cruel Fellowship", and James Boyd's "Drums". Fitzgerald, he feels, has developed amazingly in this latest story, a book of which the author may well be proud. Hume has great promise as a novelist. Of "Drums", he says many fine things, among them, "Above all here is a book with 'breeding', an element too often lacking in English and American fiction." Does he know that James Boyd is a person with the leisure to think, who lives on a large estate in the south, who hunts, rides, fishes, and lets his mind grow? Is it not significant, too, that both Fitzgerald and Hume by their own efforts purchased leisure in Europe to produce these, their latest books?

Perhaps it is not leisure entirely that produces a sense of breeding in fiction; on the other hand, it is conceivable that a well bred man might write a book in execrable taste, had he not the time to secure in it the actual effect of his own personality. The securing of thinking time in America is assuredly a difficult and an individual problem. And the number of persons in the writing profession — whether they be essayists, novelists, reviewers, or others — who demand of themselves and for themselves time for uninterrupted thought is deplorably small. A critic of note who ceased his commentaries several years ago in order to write other things, and also to think, recently stated that, returning to criticism with an entirely new viewpoint, he found himself shocked by the work he had done before. The journalistic book reviewer and critic naturally does not have leisure for the development of a careful technique. This does not argue that the journalistic critic should not exist; he does and must. As a result, however, breeding is even less apparent in criticism than in fiction. And critical insults are no less unjust for being the result, not of deep planning, but of thoughtlessness. It is fruitless to preach breeding; for it is only from increased leisure that the well bred will spring.

THOMAS HARDY'S BIRTHDAY

ON his eighty fifth birthday, richly aware of his eminence in English letters, Thomas Hardy sits surveying the twentieth century. About his ears scramble the little reputations of the day, and he has seen literary gods and periods wax and wane. He is full of years, and they have not deepened nor assuaged his pervading irony. His old age cannot be called bitter, because his youth was tinged with bitterness, yet mawkishness has never darkened his door. He has seen Puritanism give way to decadence, reverse and reverse yet again, and it has not disturbed the calm flow of his pen. Many wars have been fought at his doorstep and he has listened tolerantly to talk of eternal peace. Politics have worn petticoats for him; the present Prince of Wales who called upon him not long ago is only one of several Princes of Wales whose careers have unfolded before him; yet he has not found himself commanded to write decorous odes in celebration of the Empire. Thomas Hardy wrote in the accents of definitive works while he was yet in swaddling clothes. He has not wasted the long years in idle speculation or in fruitless controversy and striving, nor has he displayed the temperament of a poet or the cupidity of a popular novelist. He is a great man. Some say he is our

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greatest novelist since — whoever they say our last greatest novelist was. Others say he is our greatest poet, in similar fashion. It has been a serene and unruffled greatness. It is a calm old age. It is a perfect life. It has made no grandiloquent gesture. Without the romance of a Conrad, the daintiness of a Rossetti, the boisterousness of a Wells or the activity of a Bennett, Thomas Hardy walks in his garden, thinking calmly of a disordered world in which he has never permitted himself a disordered thought.

NOTHING VANISHES

EVEN the blush has not vanished from the face of the earth. Perhaps as we generalize about the manners of youth and age we forget the spectacle of the evolutionary trial in Tennessee, where God is made the subject of argument for the sake of self glorification, and a lawyers' circus and chautauqua is held in honor of science and religion. It is difficult to realize that all the world is not as we are. The radio cannot unify the souls of men, nor the motion picture teach unified manners and customs, even though Station WEAF should attempt to dispense finalities of philosophy, and Messrs. Zukor and Lasky pose as teachers of deportment.

The impression gained from current fiction and from newspaper columns is that the chaperon is a thing of the past, that morals are fitted agilely to desires, and that custom has staled. A well known dramatic critic two years ago censured a play because it made use of the fact that gentlemen at dinner parties linger to smoke among themselves, while the ladies retire to chatter. This, he affirmed, was outworn and Victorian. Foolish, perhaps, but not outworn. Such strong statements on the manners of the time may prove only to be indices to the quality of one's acquaintance. There are still blushes. There are still chaperons. There are still fond mammas who do not allow their daughters to read the books we quite calmly discuss in these pages.

What of it? Should you be projected from a more tolerant life into such a circle, you would find that life had suddenly become romantic again. These fond mammas are not calm. They give zest to the stolen glance and encourage the ready blush which adds beauty to their already charming daughters. There is an obvious truth concerning forbidden fruit, and it applies to lovers' meetings as well as to the reading of volumes on the *index exparentibus*.

As antidote for boredom, then, seek again Victorian circles. Here you will find old gallantries and priceless chivalries, and you will learn that woman is to be courted and won. You will learn again to cloak your thoughts in flannel underclothes and to wear precise and engaging costumes. The discussion of personalities before the screen will be frowned upon, and you will be forced to hunt further for the impersonal epigram.

This was not a lazy existence. Life was not slow moving, for it played in undercurrents where the swimming was dangerous for the careless. It has not vanished. You can find it if you look and, should the fond mammas frown upon you at first, you will soon learn to use your wits again. After all, Victorianism was merely an exercise of the gifts for concealment and intrigue, and you will discover that even frankness can quickly be forgotten and banished to limbo.

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PORGY

By DuBose Heyward

With Sketches by Theodore Nadejen

(The first of three selections from a novel of Negro life in old Charleston.)

A Place in the Sun

PORGY lived in the Golden Age. Not the Golden Age of a remote and legendary past; nor yet the chimerical era treasured by every man past middle life, that never existed except in the heart of youth; but an age when men, not yet old, were boys in an ancient, beautiful city that time had forgotten before it destroyed.

In this city there persisted the Golden Age of many things, and not the least among them was that of beggary. In those days the profession was one with a tradition. A man begged, presumably, because he was hungry, much as a man of more energetic temperament became a stevedore from the same cause. His plea for help produced the simple reactions of a generous impulse, a movement of the hand, and the gift of a coin, instead of the elaborate and terrifying processes of organized philanthropy. His antecedents and his mental age were his own affair, and, in the majority of cases, he was as happily oblivious of one as of the other.

Had it all been otherwise, had Porgy come a generation, or even a score of years, later, there would have been a repetition of the old tragedy of genius without opportunity. For, as the artist is born with the vision of beauty, and the tradesman with an eye for barter, so was Porgy equipped by a beneficent providence for a career of mendicancy. Instead of the sturdy legs that would have predestined him for the life of a stevedore on one of the great cotton wharves, he had, when he entered the world, totally inadequate nether extremities, quick to catch the eye, and touch the ready sympathy of the passerby. Either by birth, or through the application of a philosophy of life, he had acquired a personality that could not be ignored, one which at the same time interested and subtly disturbed. There was that about him which differentiated him from the hordes of fellow practitioners who competed with him for the notice of the tenderhearted. Where others bid eagerly for attention, and burst into voluble thanks and blessings, Porgy sat silent, rapt. There was something Eastern and mystic about the intense introspection of his look. He never smiled, and he acknowledged gifts only by a slow lifting of the eyes that had odd shadows in them. He was black with the almost purple blackness of unadulterated Congo blood. His hands were very large and muscular, and, even when flexed idly in his lap, seemed shockingly formidable in contrast with his frail body. Unless one were unusually preoccupied at the mo-

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ment of dropping a coin in his cup, he carried away in return a very definite, yet somewhat disquieting, impression: a sense of infinite patience, and beneath it the vibration of unrealized, but terrific, energy.

No one knew Porgy's age. No one remembered when he first made his appearance among the ranks of the local beggars. A woman who had married twenty years before remembered him because he had been seated on the church steps, and had given her a turn when she went in.

Once a child saw Porgy, and said suddenly, "What is he waiting for?" That expressed him better than anything else. He was waiting, waiting with the concentrating intensity of a burning-glass.

As consistent in the practice of his profession as any of the business and professional men who were his most valued customers, Porgy was to be found any morning, by the first arrival in the financial district, against the wall of the old apothecary shop that stands at the corner of King Charles Street and the Meeting House Road. Long custom, reinforced by an eye for the beautiful, had endeared that spot to him. He would sit there in the cool of the early hours and look across the narrow thoroughfare into the green freshness of Jasper Square, where the children flew their kites, and played hide-and-seek among the shrubs. Then, when the morning advanced, and the sun poured its semi-tropical heat between the twin rows of brick, to lie impounded there, like a stagnant pool of flame, he would experience a pleasant atavistic calm, and would doze lightly under the terrific heat, as only a full blooded Negro can. Toward afternoon a slender blue shadow would commence to grow about him that would broaden with great rapidity, cool the baking flags, and turn the tide of customers home before his empty cup.

But Porgy best loved the late afternoons, when the street was quiet again, and the sunlight, deep with color, shot level over the low roof of the apothecary shop to paint the cream stucco on the opposite dwelling a ruddy gold and turn the old, rain washed tiles on the roof to burnished copper. Then the slender, white clad lady who lived in the house would throw open the deep French windows of the second story drawing room, and sitting at the piano, where Porgy could see her dimly, she would play on through the dusk until old Peter drove by with his wagon to carry him home.

Wild Ivories

PORGY had but one vice. With his day reduced to the dead level of the commonplace, he was by night an inveterate gambler. Each evening his collections were carefully divided into a minimum for room and food, and the remainder for the evening's game. Seen in the light of the smoking kerosene lamp, with the circle of excited faces about him, he was no longer the beggar in the dust. His stagnant blood leaped to sudden life. He was the peer of the great, hulking fellows who swung cotton bales and stank intolerably from labor in the fertilizer mills. He even knew that he had won their grudging respect, for he had a way of coaxing and wheedling the little ivory cubes that forced them to respond. The loud "Oh, my Baby" and explosive "Come seben" of his fellow gamesters seldom brought silver when he experienced that light, keen feeling and thought of the new, soft spoken words to say. In those hours he lost his look of living in the future. While the ivories flew, he existed in an in-

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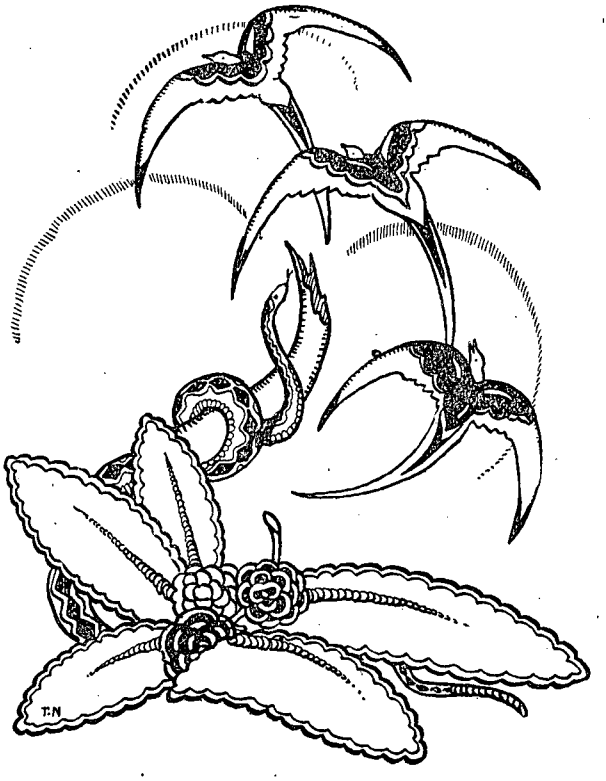

tense and burning present.

One Saturday night in late April, with the first premonitory breath of summer in the air, Porgy sat in the gaming circle that had gathered before his door in Catfish Row, and murmured softly to his gods of chance. All day he had been conscious of a vague unrest. There had been no breeze from the bay, and from his seat outside the apothecary shop the sky showed opaque blue-grey and bore heavily upon the town. Toward evening a thunderhead had lifted over the western horizon and growled ominously; but it had passed, leaving the air hot, vitiated, and moist. The Negroes had come in for the night feeling irritable, and, instead of the usual Saturday night of song and talk, the rooms were for the most part dark and silent, and the court deserted.

The game started late, and there were few players. Opposite Porgy, sitting upon his haunches and casting his dice in moody silence, was a Negro called Crown. He was a stevedore, had the body of a gladiator, and a bad name. His cotton hook, hanging from his belt by a thong, gleamed in the lamplight, and rang a clear note on the flags when he leaned forward to throw. Crown had been drinking with Robbins, who sat next to him, and the air was rank with the effluvium of vile corn whisky. Robbins was voluble, and as usual, when in liquor, talked incessantly of his wife and children, of whom he was inordinately proud. He was a good provider, and, except for his Saturday night drink and game, of steady habits.

"Dat lady ob mine is a born white-folks nigger", he boasted. "She fambly belong tuh Gob'ner Rutledge. Ain't yer see Miss Rutledge sheself come tuh visit she when she sick? An' dem chillen of mine, dem is raise wid *ways*."

"Yo' bes sabe yo' talk for dem damn dice. Dice ain't gots no patience wid 'oman!" cut in a young Negro of the group.

"Da's de trut'", called another. "Dey is all two after de same nigger money. Dat mek um can't git 'long."

"Shet yo' damn mout' an' t'row!" growled Crown.

Robbins, taken aback, rolled the dice hastily. Scarcely had they settled before Crown scooped them fiercely into

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his great hand, and, swearing foully at them, sent them tumbling out across the faintly illuminated circle, to lose them on the first cast. Then Porgy took them up tenderly, and held them for a moment cupped in his muscular, slim fingered hand.

"Oh, little stars, roll me some light!" he sang softly; made a pass, and won. "Roll me a sun an' moon!" he urged; and again the cubes did his bidding.

"Porgy witch dem dice", Crown snarled, as he drained his flask and sent it shattering against the pavement.

Under the beetling walls of the tenement the game went swiftly forward. In a remote room several voices were singing drowsily, as though burdened by the oppression of the day. In another part of the building someone was picking a guitar monotonously, chord after chord, until the dark throbbed like an old wound. But the players were oblivious of all except the splash of orange light that fell upon the flags, and the living little cubes that flashed or dawdled upon it, according to the mood of the hand that propelled them. Peter, the old wagoner, sat quietly smoking in Porgy's doorway, and looked on with the indulgent smile of tolerant age. Once when Crown lost heavily, and turned snarling upon Robbins with, "T'row dem damn dice fair, nigger", he cautioned mildly, "Frien' an' licker an' dice ain't meant tuh 'sociate. Yo' mens bes' go slow."

Then, in a flash, it happened.

Robbins rolled again, called the dice, and retrieved them before Crown's slow wits got the count, then swept the heap of coins into his pocket.

With a low snarl, straight from his crouching position, Crown hurled his tremendous weight forward, shattering the lamp, and bowling Robbins over against the wall. Then they were up and facing each other. The oil from the broken lamp settled between two flags and blazed up ruddily. Crown was crouched for a second spring, with lips drawn from gleaming teeth. The light fell strong upon thrusting jaw, and threw the sloping brow into shadow. One hand touched the ground lightly, balancing the massive torso. The other arm held the cotton hook forward, ready, like a prehensile claw. In comparison Robbins was pitifully slender and inadequate. There was a single desperate moment of indecision; then he took his only chance. Like a thrown spear, he hurled his lithe body forward under the terrifying hook, and clinched. Down, down, down the centuries they slid. Clothes could not hold them. Miraculously the tawny, ridged bodies tore through the thin coverings. Bronze ropes and bars slid and wove over great shoulders. Bright, ruddy planes leaped out on backs in the fire flare, then were gulped by sliding shadows. A heady, bestial stench absorbed all other odors. A fringe of shadowy watchers crept from cavernous doorways, sensed it, and commenced to wail eerily. Backward and forward, in a space no larger than a small room, the heaving, inseparable mass rocked and swayed. Breath labored like steam. At times the fused single body would thrust out a rigid arm, or the light would point out, for one hideous second, a tortured, mad face. Again the mass would rise as though propelled a short distance from the earth, topple, and crash down upon the pavement with a jarring impact.

Such terrific expenditure of human energy could not last. The end came quickly, and with startling suddenness. Crown broke his adversary's weakening hold, and held him the length of one mighty arm. The other swung the cotton hook downward. Then he dropped his victim, and swaggered

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drunkenly toward the street. Even to the most inexperienced the result would have been obvious. Robbins was dead: horribly dead.

A scream rose to a crescendo of unendurable agony, and a woman broke through the circle of spectators and cast herself upon the body. The fire flickered to a faint, blue flame, unearthly, terrifying.

Porgy shivered violently, whimpered in the gloom; then drew himself across his threshold and closed the door.

"Saucer Buried"

CATFISH ROW, in which Porgy lived, was not a row at all, but a great brick structure that lifted its three stories about the three sides of a court. The fourth side was partly closed by a high wall, surmounted by jagged edges of broken glass set firmly in old lime plaster, and pierced in its center by a wide entrance-way. Over the entrance there still remained a massive grill of Italian wrought iron, and a battered capital of marble surmounted each of the lofty gateposts. The court itself was paved with large flagstones, which even beneath the accumulated grime of a century glimmered with faint and varying pastel shades in direct sunlight. The south wall, which was always in shadow, was lichened from pavement to rotting gutter; and opposite, the northern face, unbroken except by rows of small-paned windows, showed every color through its flaking stucco, and, in summer, a steady blaze of scarlet from rows of geraniums that bloomed in old vegetable tins upon every window sill.

Within the high-ceilinged rooms, with their battered colonial mantels and broken decorations of Adam designs in plaster, governors had come and gone, and ambassadors of kings had schemed and danced. Now before the gaping entrance lay only a narrow, cobbled street, and beyond, a tumbled wharf used by Negro fishermen. Only the bay remained unchanged. Beyond the litter of the wharf, it stretched to the horizon, taking its mood from the changing skies; always different — invariably the same.

Directly within the entrance of the Row, and having upon the street a single bleary window, wherein were displayed plates of fried fish, was the "cookshop" which catered to the residents of the tenement.

Porgy's room was opposite the shop and enjoyed the great advantage of having a front window that commanded the street and harbor, and an inner door where he could sit and enter into the life of the court. To him, the front window signified adventure, the door — home.

It was Porgy's custom, when the day's work was done and he had exchanged a part of his collections for his evening meal of fish and bread, to sit at his front window and watch the world pass by. The great cotton wharves lay up the river, beyond the Row; and when the cotton season was on, he loved to sit in the dusk and see the drays go by. They would sweep into view with a loud thunder of wheels on the cobbles; and from his low seat they loomed huge and mysterious in the gathering dark. Sometimes there would be twenty of them in a row, with great swiftly stepping mules, crouched figures of drivers, and bales piled toweringly above them. Always Porgy experienced a vague and not unpleasant fear when the drays swung past. There was power, vast, awe inspiring; it could so easily crush him were he in its path. But here, safe within his window, he could watch it with perfect safety. At times when

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the train was unusually long, the sustained, rhythmic thunder and the sweep of form after form past his window produced an odd pleasurable detachment in his mind, and pictures of strange things and places would brighten and fade. But the night following the killing, the window was closed, and through the open door behind him beat the rhythm of a dirge from Robbins's room.

"What de matter, chillen?" came the strophe. And the antistrophe swelled to the answer:

"Pain gots de body, an' I can't stan' still."

Porgy sat upon his floor counting the day's collection: one dollar and twenty cents. It had been a good day. Perhaps the sorrow that had brooded over his spirit had quickened the sympathy of the passersby.

"What de matter, Sister?"

"Jedus gots our brudder, an' I can't stan' still."

Ever since Porgy had come home the air had swung to the rhythm of the chant. He divided his pile into equal portions, and commenced to pocket one. The burden swayed out again.

"Pain gots de body, an' I can't stan' still."

He hesitated a moment, poured all the coins together again, selected a twenty five cent piece which he put into his pocket, and, taking the remainder in his hand, went out and drew himself across the short distance to the room of mourning.

The body lay upon a bed in the corner of the room, sheeted to the eyes, and upon its breast rested a large blue saucer. Standing in a circle about the bed, or seated upon the floor, backs to the wall, were a score of Negroes, some singing, and others swaying, patting the floor with their large feet. For not a single moment since the body had been laid out had the rhythm slackened. With each hour it gathered weight until it seemed to swing the massive structure.

Porgy had heard that Robbins had left no burial insurance, the customary Saturday night festivities having consumed the slender margin between daily wage and immediate need. Now, at sight of the saucer, he knew that rumor had not erred. It had been an old custom among penniless Negroes to prepare the corpse thus, then to sing dirges until neighborhood sympathy provided the wherewithal for proper interment. Recent years had introduced the insurance agent and the "buryin' lodge", and the old custom had fallen into disuse. It had even become a grievous reproach to have a member of the family a "saucer buried nigger".

At the foot of the bed, bowed by the double weight of sorrow and disgrace, the widow sat swaying to the rhythm like a beach palm in the ebb and flow of a bleak sea wind.

The sight of her grief, the close room, the awful presence beneath the sheet, and the unceasing pulse of sound that beat against his ears, all contributed to stir a strange desire into being within Porgy. Suddenly he threw his head back and wailed long and quaveringly. In rushed a vast feeling of relief. He wailed again, emptied his handful of small coins into the saucer, and sank to the floor at the head of the bed. Presently he commenced to croon with the others, and a sense of exaltation flooded his being, compelling him from the despair of the dirge to a more triumphant measure.

"Oh, I gots a little brudder in de new grabeyahd. What outshine de sun", he sang.

Without missing the beat, the chorus shifted: "An' I'll meet um in the promus lan'."

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Then came a rude interruption. A short yellow Negro bustled into the room. His voice was low, oily, and penetrating. He was dressed entirely in black, and had an air of great importance. The song fell away to scarcely more than a throbbing silence. The man crossed the room to where the widow sat huddled at the foot of the bed, and touched her on the shoulder. She raised a face like a burned out ember.

"How de saucer stan' now, my sister?" he whispered, at the same time casting an appraising glance toward the subject of his inquiry.

"Dere ain't but fifteen dollar", she replied in a flat, despairing voice.

"An' he gots tuh git buried termorrer", called an awed voice, "or de boahd ob healt' will take um, an' give um tuh de students."

The widow's scream shrilled wildly. She rose to her knees and clutched the man's hand between both of hers. "Oh, fuh Gawd's sake bury um in de grabeyahd. I goin' tuh work Monday, and I swear tuh Gawd I goin' tuh pay yuh ebery cent."

For a second even the rhythm ceased, leaving an aching suspense in the air. Watchers waited tensely. Wide eyes, riveted on the man's face, pleaded silently. Presently his professional manner slipped from him. "All right, Sister", he said simply. "Wid de box, an' one ca'age it will cost me more dan twenty five. But I'll see yuh t'rough. Yuh can all be ready at eight tumorruh. It's a long trip tuh de cemetery."

The woman relaxed silently across the foot of the bed, her head between her outflung arms. Then from the narrow confines of the room, the song beat up and out triumphantly:

"Oh, I gots a little brudder in de new grabeyahd. What outshine de sun!"

The rhythm swelled, and voices in the court and upper rooms took it up, until the deeply rooted old walls seemed to rock and surge with the sweep of it.

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MR. BOYTHORN-BIERCE

By Ruth Guthrie Harding

UNDER one title, many times used, "Ambrose Bierce, Man of Mystery", or under another, "Ambrose Bierce, Little Known Genius", I have read a number of stuffy small essays in the past twelve years. On analysis, these essays invariably establish the following thrilling facts, and almost no others: Ambrose Bierce was an exceedingly handsome man, and wore in his later life a challenging mustache; he was called by his enemies Bitter Bierce, and confessed no great love for dogs or his fellow men; he had military bearing; and he once spoke rude truths to Collis P. Huntington!

My attention has recently been directed to a paper by Corey McWilliams, printed in "The Argonaut". He left out the dogs. Also he showed dashing originality in making Major Bierce three years older than the Lord made him: he avoided quite obvious information as to the time when and the place where Bierce was born, and refused to avail himself of the hitherto undisputed names, Marcus Aurelius Bierce and Laura Sherwood Bierce, as those of the parents of the subject of his sketch. He rather cautiously admitted that he himself believed that Bierce was born, sometime, somewhere — but hinted darkly that nobody known to him had ever taken pains to corroborate that vague, depressing rumor. "Nothing", says this plaintive biographer, "is known about his family or early life. In fact, the man's whole life is a mystery; the fog that conceals him is broken only here and there by a chance ray of light"; and, again, "Bierce's friends report that they know little about the man, and that he was an eternal enigma who defied study."

As many early biographical facts are known of Ambrose Bierce as are usually known of any man. He was born in Meigs County, Ohio, on June 24, 1842. He was one of several children in the Bierce family. He was brought up on a farm; he ran away to get into the Union army, and was taken on as drummer boy. Of the interesting career of Bierce as soldier, journalist, topographical engineer, ranch superintendent, man of letters, many an able person has written authentically. There is a monograph by the late Walter Harte, of "The New England Magazine" of the old days; an essay by the late Percival Pollard; a paper by Frederic Taber Cooper, printed originally in THE BOOKMAN; the arresting biography by Vincent Starrett; the brilliant article by Edward H. Smith, with its several hypotheses; the journalistic bright chatter of Bailey Millard; the proverbial hundred and one sketches that tell of a hundred and one Bierces; and (if these mystery loving folk can be made to admit it, thus clearing a little that cherished "fog that conceals him") a great deal of autobiography scattered through Bierce's work. Those of us who could write or speak fully of Bierce on the personal and intimate side are restrained somewhat by our knowledge of his dislike of publicity of the sort; but it will be necessary to take our word that any "friend" of his who "reports

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knowing little about the man", or calls him an "enigma who" defies study, would probably not in the lifetime of Bierce have gone about talking of that friendship. Fewer details of his later quiet life in Washington have been printed than is usually the case with the later life of a distinguished man of letters, simply because Bierce, perhaps more than any other distinguished man of letters, wished to keep his affairs his own and knew how to do so. I have not been able to see why the "mystery" is so deep, unless it be that the very simplicity and dignity of a writing man who lives quietly and comfortably alone in his apartment, who does not make his writing a ground for approach, on the part of strangers, to his personal affairs, is something that sets him apart from his kind; possibly unwillingness to broadcast private items belongs in the area of the supernatural?

The truth is that there are a few of us quite unmindful of any "fog that conceals him": we have warmth in the memory of the simple friendliness, kindness, humor, charm of him as a human being. We know more than strangers can know of the sorrows and shocks that made him shrink from contacts with people who were likely to stress the personal in writing or talking of him. He never recovered from the anguish of seeing his son meet a sudden and violent death; from that bitter moment he was never again to be friendly with this world nor happy in it. Few people will accept this tragedy as holding possibilities for full explanation of his withdrawal from public appearance, and of the seeming grim solitude of those last years; but I accept it . . . knowing how deep was that mark upon him. We can leave it to the imagination and conjecture of unsympathetic aliens, who will keep on writing smart, shallow sketches of Bierce, to suggest things more sinister in his own living. God knows he needed nothing more, who had known so great agony. That lonely figure will hardly lose its grandeur through efforts of little men: those efforts must be ephemeral; the glory of Ambrose Bierce remains. Surely reserve and aloofness was his right, as it must now be the right of his few relatives and his close friends when approached by outsiders in pursuit of details which do not concern the public. It is to be regretted that when he is no longer here, old differences and dislikes should come to the fore, and new half representations arise.

I know of a man whose work Bierce generously praised; this man he met personally only a few times, and at the other's seeking. Something happened. Without delay, and in terms quite his own, Bierce requested this man not to approach him again, not to write him. The man, more concerned with his own loss than with the fact that he had given deep offense to Bierce, besought Bierce not to change the tone of his expressed opinion of work the man had published or might publish. Bierce said to me, "As if I could change an honest opinion of the good work of even the most detestable of men — *which he is!*" Lately I have heard that this man will print Bierce's earlier letters to him, as covering the period of their correspondence. In reality that correspondence ended abruptly on a note which, I feel certain, is not included among the epistles offered for print. And there is a biographer who, having succeeded not at all in making headway with the sister and daughter of Bierce in the matter of information in respect of certain chapters of Bierce's life, is about to publish an ill natured and spiteful work on Bierce which may give brief pleasure to some persons with

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old wordy scores to settle, and surely lasting pain to others who cherish the memory of a sensitive, idealistic, poetic man forced by circumstance to bear silently many blows. It will be necessary again to take the word of us who know, that Bierce never, as has been said of him, "enjoyed whetting public curiosity" nor "assumed an exaggerated pose of mystery".

A bystander, hearing an order given a mail clerk at a desk in a hotel, hurried across the lobby. "I heard the name 'Bierce'", he said, catching up at last with the man he was following. "Do you know Ambrose Bierce?" Ambrose turned and looked down at him for a steady solemn instant; and in a gentle voice replied, "No." When he told me this, he lifted one eyebrow and chuckled. "You ought", I said, "to be ashamed of yourself!" "Well", he answered, "I don't know me, do I?"

There were as many Bierces as there were people to be acquainted with him. This is true of any of us, since we all have paradoxical qualities, but the extremes in Bierce were farther separated, his arc being so much larger than that of other people: out of the very grandeur and glory of his being, distance was established and contradictions were made. One Ambrose Bierce I knew. There are some Ambrose Bierces that I do not recognize. It has not been my way to deny the existence of these strangers — evidence has come to me from too many sources. It would be a foolish mistake to attempt to contradict such evidence, or to ignore the possibility of likeness in such portraits as have been drawn for me by others. I am willing to leave untouched whatever mental record or picture any of Ambrose Bierce's other acquaintances, his friends or his enemies, may have preserved through association with him. He himself said of me that I "had the best truth" of him. Whether any person can grasp the whole truth of another is a question. Those who knew Bierce as cruel, intemperate, blasphemous — I have heard him called all these things — could hardly have known him as gentle, pitying, and reverent; yet I so knew him. I knew even a childlike Bierce, who had great pathos, unguessed by himself. On many days when men took time to fear and hate him, he was probably on a park bench with squirrels running into his sleeves and pockets, or birds standing on his wrists, gripping his cuffs with their thin little feet, turning their perky heads to look at him, and now and then uttering an inquiring friendly cheep. I used to feel as if I were strolling with Francis of Assisi. One of my dear possessions is a snapshot of Bitter Bierce (who has been limned unsheathing his sword-pen in more than one drawing) sitting on the grass, smiling, his splendid massive head outlined against the curve of a flowering bush, with a fussy and impatient but flirty squirrel on his knee, arguing with him a little about the nuts in his hand. . . .

There is in "Bleak House" many a passage about Lawrence Boythorn in which it is amusing to read "Bierce" for "Boythorn": I wonder if such substitution has ever given other friends of Bierce's that larkish joy that it gives me:

> He showed himself exactly as he was — incapable of . . . anything on a limited scale, and firing away with those great guns because he carried no small arms whatever. . . . "You have brought your bird with you, I suppose?" said Mr. Jarndyce. "By heaven, he is the most astonishing bird in Europe!" replied the other. . . . "I have left an annuity for his sole support, in case he should outlive me. He is, in sense and attachment, a phenomenon — and his father before him was one of the most astonishing birds that ever lived!". . . The subject of this laudation was a very little canary. . . . To hear Mr. Boythorn presently express the most implacable and passionate

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sentiments, with this fragile mite of a creature perched on his forehead, was to have a good illustration of his character, I thought. . . . "By my soul, Jarndyce," he said, gently holding up a piece of bread for the bird to pick at, "if I were in your place I should seize every Master in Chancery by the throat tomorrow morning and shake him until the money rolled out of his pockets and his bones rattled in his skin . . . there never was such an infernal cauldron as that Chancery on the face of the earth", said Mr. Boythorn. "Nothing but a mine below it on a busy day . . . with all its records, rules, and precedents collected in it, and every functionary belonging to it also, high and low, upward and downward, from its son the Accountant-General to its father the Devil, and the whole blown to atoms with ten thousand hundred-weight of gunpowder, would reform it in the least!" . . . To hear him say all this with unimaginable energy, one might have thought him the angriest of mankind. To see him at the same time, looking at the bird, one might have thought him the gentlest. . . .

I first knew Bierce many years ago. I sent some youthful manuscripts to him in care of a New York magazine, under the impression that he was connected with that publication. After several weeks the envelope was returned to me, bearing the Washington postmark. Slipped among my noble masterpieces was this note:

Dear Madame:

I am not an editor, thank God. If I were one, however, I should print some of this material which you have submitted. If you will send me more of your manuscripts, I shall be glad to make up for the lack of cold type with cold criticism, which you need. You will be justified in inferring from this suggestion on my part that I consider your work worth it.

Sincerely yours
AMBROSE BIERCE.

Much of the "cold criticism" that followed during the years approached the border line of the North Pole area; now and again it would shift south. In these years he wrote me delightful letters and came to see me and the members of my family. One day he said quite suddenly, looking up from a manuscript, "You are a born poet!" Then he added quickly, with mischief in his eyes, "I hope we can find some other damn fool to admit it!"

So far as I know, I am the only person whose verse manuscripts were ever carried around by Ambrose Bierce to editors. (He knew few; and truth impels me to assert that he succeeded in battering down only a meagre number of these.) Mr. Mencken he did not know; but once he said, "Send that man Mencken this poem: a mean cuss like Mencken or me likes tears in lyric verse!" It was not until much later, when Bierce had been a long time gone, that I did send that poem to Mencken: and he took it for "Smart Set". But after that one acceptance Mr. Mencken, most unfortunately for me, must have become less mean, or something; or perhaps I ceased to weep convincingly before him by post. I have always regretted that he did fire back at me my succeeding lachrymose offerings (thus failing to admit "the born poet"), for he cheated me out of a fine old chance to say somewhere among the raffish intelligentsia that Ambrose Bierce had called H. L. Mencken a damn fool in my presence. (Is it not by having such esoteric bits to hand out in a careless manner that one is invited around Sunday evenings by the literati?)

One day Major Bierce and I were crossing Main Street in Paterson when a car bore down on us at terrific speed, in charge of a motorman apparently suffering from a Paul Revere complex. I squealed and made for the curb. Turning to clutch my companion, I beheld him standing in the middle of the trolley track, with hand upraised under the very nose of the motorman, who had brought the car to a dead stop and was leaning out and looking at Bierce with the dazed expression and the droop of one suddenly roused from

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a dream of kingdoms and principalities. To him, then, Ambrose bowed, with a beautiful dip from the waist, to the great joy of several other pedestrians who, like me, had fled at sound of the gong and at first swoosh of a high wind from between the wheels. As we walked on, I cast a furtive eye toward that motorman. He seemed to be crushed beyond gesture or expletive; he just stood there and waited for a heap of prominent citizens of Paterson to get up off the car floor, and take their hats out of their eyes, and collect their belongings.

In the mail, on a certain morning, I received a photograph of Bierce. On the back he had written: "Butchered to make a Roman nose." He was brimming with things like that; he was always sending me detached penciled bits. At another time I had a note from him, with a newspaper clipping attached to the sheet. (I had until that moment forgotten that I had earlier told him of somebody who had tracked him to Guernsey County, Ohio, instead of Meigs.) The priggish clipping: "In Guernsey County, Ohio, more than half a century ago, there is said to have been a heavy shower of stones that caused many to believe the world was coming to an end." The note below: "I fancy that *this* is what gave your friend the impression that I once lived in Guernsey County, Ohio. He assumed that when God was throwing stones I would be the natural target. A. B."

There was a newspaper man from Passaic named Bremner, who had an enthusiastic admiration for Bierce's work as a journalist. When Bremner was elected to Congress from our district, the first thing he did after being settled in Washington was to write Bierce and ask for an interview. Now Bierce was never one to grant interviews; and an interview, one pet aversion, combined with a Congressman, another pet aversion, would strike any friend of his as having sulphurous possibilities from the very first suggestion. (It was a good thing that nobody had deemed it expedient to invite a "minister of the gospel" to sit in at the conference.) On a visit here, he remarked ominously that Bremner had approached him. I said quietly that Bremner had been making a game fight with death; that for some time he had had cancer of the throat and had known frightful agony, but had gone right on pluckily to accomplish what he had planned in the way of work and had never flinched under pressure of that which was closing in on him. Bierce said nothing further. It was not until long afterward that he let it slip that Bremner had been asked to his apartment immediately on his return to Washington. "A nice chap", he said, "and I was grateful to him for liking me."

He was paying a few Boythornish tributes to asthma in one conversation. He told me that in California he had an acquaintance who lived far up in the hills. Whenever this man was laid low by asthma he had to come down, while Bierce himself under a like seizure had to go up. It seems that on one occasion asthma swooped down on them both at the same time. According to Bierce's tale, his friend loaded a mule by the rays of the moon and started down the mountain, to visit his misery on Bierce, at about the hour when Bierce, also with a mule, started to ascend, to claim his friend's hospitality. "We met", said he, in that lovely drawling voice, "about halfway, along toward morning, in a trail deserted for miles, and recognized each other. Neither spoke; but the mules turned their heads in passing, and my mule pointed down the mountain with one ear and

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his mule pointed up the mountain; *and we all kept right on going.*"

In 1911, after an illness of mine, Bierce wrote me the letter from which I take here a few paragraphs:

> I like what you say of character; it [character] is almost everything in the way of equipment for literature, as for life. Of character comes style, and style is character-in-letters, and in art.
>
> I wish you had mentioned me to the Markhams. I've been pretty hard on M., but it has not apparently altered their regard for me, nor their admiration of my poor work. He's a magnanimous soul — the only one, among writers, that I have ever met. . . .
>
> . . . some part of them [dark moments] is the thought that, ill or well, I am unable to help you. My only serious disease, age, is at least painless. Doubtless you would prefer yours, but I am sorry for you nevertheless. My sole philosophy: "Nothing matters", seems to break down here and disclose a limitation. It is disquieting to find a weak place in one's armor. . . .
>
> I'm going to work till next June; then it is California. . . . It is doubtful if I ever return. Why should I? I think that at my age a fellow should go to his room and begin dressing for death. My room is Yosemite Valley. I should like to go to Paterson to say goodbye to you, but God knows —

In this letter can be felt that restlessness and weariness, and the elegiac note, so marked in the letters written two years later to Mrs. Josephine Clifford McCrackin, just before Bierce went to Mexico. Those letters are given by Mr. Starrett in his sympathetic sketch of Bierce's life and work.

Many people have believed that Bierce's attack on "The Man with the Hoe" represented his attitude toward Edwin Markham as a poet. This is not true. He did not wish to see Edwin Markham, whom he believed to be a great lyric poet, turn tractarian and what he called "candle-light socialist". He read immediately in that later famous poem an indication that this was what might happen; so Mr. Boythorn spoke to Mr. Jarndyce the Public about a matter calling for a thousand hundredweight of gunpowder. But the canary perched on his forehead; I think Mr. Markham has always known this. Bierce used to say to me, "I would have you and all young poets know well the lyrics of Markham; work of a geniune singer." On my last afternoon with Bierce, he said, "Sometime, when you attend a meeting of that scoundrelly Poetry Society (which you have joined like a perfect idiot), please tell the Markhams that I left goodbye for them both and a God-bless-you."

In September, 1913 Bierce made a trip to Illinois to see his daughter; on his way home he went to East Orange to visit his friends Mr. and Mrs. Milton Franklin. This is the absence from Washington to which he refers in that moving and tender letter given by Mrs. McCrackin for publication. I motored to East Orange with my little daughter to bring him to my house; and toward evening of that beautiful day, Mr. Harding and I took him again to East Orange. On the way, sitting with me and little Jean, he fell into that pensive and shadowed mood that his closest friends knew to be as characteristic of him as were the sharp, witty, sparkling moments when he was all fire and force and magnetism. He had spoken to some length of his planned long journey. He had come to tell us all goodbye. He was going, he said, "to Mexico, to look about, then on to the country of the Incas". "What on earth", said I, "do you want to go cavorting around in South America for?" "Chiefly, my child," he replied, "because there isn't any East or West America for me to cavort in. North America is entirely too cosy!" I laughed, and we went on to speak of several matters; but I came back to the thing that I was mostly thinking of that day. "How about writing? How shall we know that you're all right?"

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He was silent for a moment, then he said, "If I write, I'll write to you; be sure of that." "When you come back", I went on, "come first to us and rest." He did not answer; but after a little he said softly, "When I come back. . ." and I saw him turn his face quite quickly away.

He had just had his seventy first birthday, that summer; in that last moment, I think, chances loomed dark and sombre in his thoughts. I mention this, for not long ago I saw in print the most assured opinion that "Bierce only waits to return and laugh at his friends for their anxiety"; and even an assertion that he went probably intending to tempt death; perhaps even to take his own life. These statements or speculations are cruel and wide of the mark, the work of people not acquainted with his character or his mind. There has never been anything to justify reckless conclusions; and no friend of his has ever, so far as is known to me, considered it even possible that this explains his not having returned. I agree with Mr. Starrett that he well knew he probably would not return; and that this is not the same thing as planning not to return. It is unthinkable that a man of his tender heart, and his steadfast devotion to the people whom he cared for, would willingly have brought upon them suffering such as they have known in these twelve years of silence. His secretary, Miss Christiansen, died in 1920, worn out by her long worry and grief. Those persons who attribute to Ambrose Bierce that vanity and conceit that would give him enjoyment in the tragic results of a large playfulness, must be those to whom Mr. McWilliams referred in "The Argonaut", the "friends. . . who report knowing little about the man" . . . and found him "an eternal enigma who defied study".

We left Bierce, that September afternoon, standing on the steps of the Franklins' house. I looked back and waved to him, regardless of passersby, until we turned the corner of the maple lined street. He put his hand above his eyes to shield them from the late afternoon sun, and with his other hand he answered my waving. I could not have believed that I should never see him again. It has seemed to me that last glimpses must be tiresome things to remember; usually one must go back to some special cherished moment to fix the symbolic or the imperishable impression. But I am content to think of Ambrose Bierce facing the last glory of the afternoon sun on an autumn day, standing with his head high and a hand lifted gallantly to give farewell. . . .

Many months after he had gone and since he had been last heard from in Mexico, Miss Christiansen came with Mr. and Mrs. Franklin to see me. I had it then from Miss Christiansen that he had arranged with her that drafts be sent him from time to time on his travels. At his request from Chihuahua, she sent him there a draft for several hundred dollars on a named date. This draft came back, delayed, with his signature. That is all that is known. That is as far as trustworthy information about Bierce's disappearance goes. Writers for newspapers still tell us every so often that he has been heard from or seen; or we learn from them the details of his death. He went, according to some reports, to Mexico on a secret errand having to do with copper mines; he was killed in Mexican warfare while commanding troops for Pancho Villa; he was murdered by outriders from the Villa forces; he was killed in France at the beginning of the war; he was seen with Lord Kitchener; he was recognized while training English soldiers at Salisbury Field in Lincolnshire. My own

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belief is that he traveled beyond Chihuahua, probably out of Mexico, after a period of observing conditions there, as he had planned to do; that he fell ill among a strange people and died unable to write again to his daughter or Miss Christiansen, or that a possible brief tragic message failed to carry through. I think it extremely unlikely that we shall ever know.

Richard Burton has referred to Bierce as a "snubbed sentimentalist". I shall not quarrel with that forthright expression; I am sure it would have given Bierce an inner twinkle. He would have recognized its penetration. It was impossible for Bierce not to love the play of his own lively wit, in little things or great; he could not touch anything without "brilliantizing" it; he made an adventure of a moment as it passed, for himself and for anybody with him. Much of his thunderous utterance, in print and out, was pure Boythornism. But his genuine bitterness was that of a bruised idealist. Holding the fragments of dreams is a much more terrible business than hating what broke the dreams. I think Bierce never ceased yearning over his, and he put them away in his heart instead of forgetting them. To him heard melodies were decidedly not sweet! — and for the sake of those unheard he hissed many a well intentioned performer and broke his head with swift missiles (along with the thicker heads of those who made deliberate dissonances) for adding, as he saw it, to a stupid din of Things-As-They-Are-And-Need-Not-Be. His spiritual concepts were clear and wistfully lovely. He called the lesser gods harsh names; but between him and his own gods was Beauty.

It is not in my small power to speak adequately of his great gifts, his heroic mold, his astounding genius, nor the place his superb work must inevitably gain and hold in the literature of the world. He was my friend; there is none who knew better than I his kindness, none who came closer to knowledge of his weariness and pain, none who believes more tenderly in his vision, his wisdom, and his integrity.

CARAVANS

By Hal Borland

GREAT, grey caravans moving in the night,
full of sullen mystery, laden down with heavy things;
crowding through the darkness as they push on toward the light:
great, grey caravans, on great, grey wings.

Swift silent caravans smashing through the night,
plunging over trackless wastes, wastes where trails can never meet,
spraying noiseless gravel as they crowd on out of sight:
swift silent caravans on swift silent feet.

Soft, slow caravans swaying through the night,
tinkling bells and padded feet, and spices that the traders bought,
easing through the moonlight, over sands dull white:
soft, slow caravans of soft, slow thought.

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NOW ABOUT THIS FELLOW SALTUS

By Grant Overton

ONLY a few weeks ago a literary agent blew in upon the editor of a magazine of large circulation and mentioned, in the course of his selling talk, that a life of Edgar Saltus was in preparation.

Now this editor has a reputation for his determination to be severely ignorant of everything that he thinks his lowliest reader may not know. So he came right out with it.

"Who", he asked without further parley, "is Edgar Saltus?"

And he was so brutally right that an Editor's Note shall here be inserted.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Edgar Saltus, an American writer, died in 1921 at the age of 63 or thereabouts. Now go on with the story.

When I heard of the incident, I thought again how lamentable was the untimely death of Warren G. Harding. If you remember — and I daresay, even if you don't — word came from the White House during Mr. Harding's residence there that the President was having a grand time reading or rereading a novel by Edgar Saltus. I think it was "The Imperial Orgy".

Now in the previous administration "The Middle Temple Murder" by J. S. Fletcher had been sent through a dozen editions by the news that President Wilson was enjoying it. Since then Mr. Fletcher has had no difficulty selling his novels in America.

Edgar Saltus is undoubtedly a little more difficult to put over than J. S. Fletcher, but I have the greatest confidence that if Mr. Harding had been spared to read just one more book by Saltus, and if the Associated Press had done its manifest duty, the editor hereinbefore referred to would not have been able to ask his question.

But I forget. I have to write that damnable thing, a book review. I come to bury Saltus not to praise him.

If you want to know about the man and his stuff in a general way, the best bet is the essay on him in Carl Van Vechten's "The Merry Go Round". I have not space to quote it here in full and anyway, it is copyrighted.

Arnold Bennett has referred to Saltus as "empty and magnificent"; George Moore, James Huneker, and Elbert Hubbard are all on record in strong praise. But you had better get hold of Mr. Van Vechten or Vincent Starrett out in Chicago, because I really know nothing about Saltus — only just enough to say, "Oh, yes; Saltus!" and look well informed when his name is mentioned.

Of course back in 1919, when Mr. Liveright brought out "The Paliser Case", I was charmed by the discovery of a murder mystery tale in which the writing had detachment and skill and all the detail was done with freshness, poise, simplicity, and imagination. But they say that genius is merely the capacity for taking infinite pains; here was that pains expended upon a potboiler; and my only conclusion was that all our potboilers should be written by geniuses, *quod est absurdum* and impracticable at that.

A few strains of Mr. Chopin's best

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known composition are in order. Reviewing the four books delivered to me for that purpose, would state that I will take them up in any desired order or catch-as-catch-can.

Probably I had better notice first "The Uplands of Dream", a collection of essays now published in a book for the first time, (a) because it is a limited edition, 750 copies, and (b) because the other three books are all reprints.

Of Saltus, the volume contains two sonnets and fourteen essays. A preface explains that four of the essays appeared in the "Cosmopolitan", the other essays and the sonnets in the "Smart Set", between 1900 and 1914. The twenty page introduction is devoted chiefly to Saltus's literary style and the appreciators of it — Moore, Van Vechten, and the rest. A bibliography, admittedly partial but of distinct value, concludes the book. All this fore-and-aft business is by Charles Honce.

Both the sonnets are technically perfect, clear in the expression of an idea; one has some fine lines, but neither is great poetry.

The essays are another matter. It must be remembered that although Saltus wrote more novels than volumes of essays, one at least of the latter, "The Lords of the Ghostland", ranks among his best works. You will see why when you tackle "The Uplands of Dream".

Always he had a subject. "Kings of the Highways and High Seas" is full of robbers and pirates; "The Champion Prisoners" concerns persons genteelly or coarsely confined; "The Lovers of the World" is about *amoureuses* and *amoureurs* (if there is such a word; and if not, why not?). Saltus was direct and personal in the essay. He did not descant on robbers and pirates in general, he spoke with precision of Cartouche and Captain Kidd. (Again remember, the man was the author of historical studies.) Nor did Saltus, writing his essay, single out a handful of obvious persons, give each a brief, appropriate mention and let it go at that. Writing of prisoners, he does not omit the Iron Mask and Casanova, but chiefly he entertains you with a sketch of Latude, who made of imprisonment a career. Among the world's lovers he does not, of course, forget Byron at Venice, the "sodden nights and the ashen days when the poet added to his lyre black hairs and blonde". But he passes on at once to Lola Montez, in a passage so typical that I had better quote it and save a lot of futile adjectives about Saltus's wit, method, and style:

> Whether or not she was related to Byron is uncertain. There are matters which history prefers to ignore rather than to elucidate. Concerning her father it is dumb. What is said of Lola was told so long ago that, although there are fossils as yet unextinct who saw her appear as Mazeppa in the Broadway Theatre, already has she retreated into the magnificence of a myth. To the great majority Lola Montez is a contemporary of Semiramis. To the great unwashed she is unknown. There is an epoch, however, — one relatively quite recent, — in which, after pirouetting through an insurrection in Warsaw, she danced into Bavaria and kicked over a throne.
>
> A ballerina so energetic does not deserve to be instantly forgot. Besides, she was a very pretty woman. In the picture gallery at Munich she looks a little as Psyche must have looked when she lost her god. There the resemblance begins and ends. There was nothing melancholy in her disposition, nothing tender, nothing true. She was the last of the Grandes Amoureuses who lived when the world was larger, when there were no railways, no telegraph poles, and no cant. Born in Limerick, educated in Calcutta, she took Europe for her province and died in New York. Her parentage was as variegated as her career. Sir Edward Gilbert, the husband of her mother, was an Irishman, and his wife, Dolores de Montalvo, descended from a Hispano-Moorish family, which, because of the Arab

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admixture, lacked what is known on the Peninsula as the sangre azul, the blue blood of which the hidalgo alone may boast. Even so, that which Lola acquired was so heady that at fourteen she eloped. Developing subsequently into Countess of Lansfield, she disturbed kings, disturbed kingdoms, disturbed even California, and died on Long Island, very miserably, leaving nothing save a few echoes, of which the subsidence is now complete.

Such a passage may possibly contain fewer epigrams than customarily stud a page by Saltus, but a paragraph or so before he has just remarked, while still upon Byron: "To persons more censorious than ourselves morality appears to consist in having improper thoughts of other people."

"Purple and Fine Women", a collection of short stories, appeared first in 1903, or exactly twenty years before Michael Arlen's "These Charming People". But of course that was also some few years after the splendor of Oscar Wilde and the effulgence of "The Yellow Book". Mr. Saltus came on the stage a little too late and very much too soon.

"Mr. Incoul's Misadventure" is the man's first novel. Again the most natural — or perhaps I should say the most intelligible — comparison is with Mr. Arlen. The heroine is named Maida Barhyte, not Iris Storm; and instead of a complex promiscuity, we have a simple triangle. The story is full of splendid ellipses and little etched strokes on European travel. There is no better bullfight in English fiction.

Except for the quotations from French poetry, "The Anatomy of Negation" is more lucid and more penetrating than any other survey of philosophies and faiths I happen to know. I don't say it is a philosophy primer; I do say that anyone who has ever read philosophy at all will have no trouble. And I will wager he will find here in condensed form a statement more clear than he has previously encountered of Buddhism, Greek thought, early Christianity, and later Western philosophy. Saltus himself calls the book a tableau of antitheism, exclusive of England and America; "no attempt has been made to prove anything". It seems to me a disservice to call Saltus a "scientific pessimist" and "skeptic", as the book's jacket does. A viewpoint is necessary for clear statement, and when clearness has been achieved, in this difficult field, nothing else matters; the reader has his own look from a vantage ground and kicks the props away.

The Uplands of Dream. By Edgar Saltus. Pascal Covici.
Purple and Fine Women. By Edgar Saltus. Pascal Covici.
Mr. Incoul's Misadventure. By Edgar Saltus. Brentano's.
The Anatomy of Negation. By Edgar Saltus. Brentano's.

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IT'S A HABIT!

By Kenneth Laub

F. WILSON HUNTINGTON had counted from one to one thousand. Then he had counted from one thousand to one. It was characteristic of Mr. Huntington that he counted in terms of dollars.

Sweet sleep refused to be bought.

Mr. Huntington was worried. Last night he had left Roger Annesley, the hero of "Fate's Messenger", his broad back against a brick wall, a contemptuous smile playing on his thin lipped, forceful mouth, facing a German firing squad.

He must get him out of this predicament somehow — and that quickly — for the Germans are quick on the trigger and the publishers are slow on the royalty checks.

He cerebrated tremendously.

A sound, like labored breathing, floated up to him from the darkness of the hallway.

"A burglar", he whispered.

He arose and donned a soft, warm bathrobe. One could not be too careful. Perhaps the burglar had left a window open. And Mr. Huntington was very susceptible to colds.

He slipped a small automatic pistol into the pocket of his bathrobe and cautiously descended the stairs. At the doorway that led to his library he paused and peered through the curtains.

A tall, lean, seedy old man sat reading in the author's favorite chair.

Mr. Huntington cleared his throat with the genteel premonitory "ahem" with which he commonly introduced his more important utterances.

The other, keeping a long, soiled finger on the page of his book, looked up at him with a puzzled expression in his tired, spectacled eyes.

Mr. Huntington was about to order him to throw up his hands. But suddenly the notion seemed ridiculous. The intruder looked so like a played out college professor about to propound a problem in calculus, that the author, with the absurd little weapon in his hand, felt almost as if he were a schoolboy who had just been caught by his teacher in the act of blowing a putty ball.

The intruder seemed to read his thoughts. "I am unarmed", he said, resignedly.

"Unarmed!" echoed Mr. Huntington, doubtfully. "But surely you're a burglar?"

The man admitted it with a nod.

"I don't mind doing life for burglary", he said, dispassionately, "but I don't want to have blood on my head — even the blood of a chronic best seller!"

"You're very kind", murmured Mr. Huntington. "And you have a book there — one of my books, I presume." He smiled. "A sort of literary burglar, eh?"

"Well, what of it?" demanded the burglar, with a quick glance, as if the professor had spotted the pupil that was doing the talking at the back of the classroom. "It's no worse, I take it, and not half so commonplace as being a burglarious literate."

"I fail to see the connection", said

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Mr. Huntington, in a changed tone.

"Don't you?" mildly inquired the burglar. "Perhaps I can show you. Granted I came here to steal your silver. What then? I came, with infinite discomfort to myself, for the night is cold . . ."

"And you left a window open", Mr. Huntington interjected, with a shiver.

"I came to commit this theft", reiterated the other, ignoring the interruption, "with infinite discomfort to myself. While you — you can commit your wholesale depredations on the writings of other men without so much as stirring from your warm fireside."

A sneeze checked the author's indignant protest halfway. So he smiled.

"Let us be candid", he said. "I deny, of course, the charge of plagiarism . . ."

"Of course you do", sneered the other. "It's a habit."

"But even were that true, you would still have to admit that I put those stolen thoughts to profitable use. At the least, I am as successful in my branch of the profession as you are in yours."

"Yes, you get away with it", sighed the burglar, enviously.

"And you must admit my books give the public a great deal of pleasure. How, otherwise, would so many people buy them?"

"Your stuff sells", said the burglar, "because the reading public is the writing public. The men that buy your books are your brother authors. Women buy them — yes! But to read them? No! They buy them to give away as bridge prizes. Every author wants to see what the other fellow is writing, so he can sneer at it, refute it, ridicule it; or — if it happens to show a bit of originality, as infrequently it does — steal it and revamp it and use it again himself."

"My good fellow," said the author warmly, "that statement is actionable . . . that is, it would be if made by a responsible person."

"I don't accuse you of being alone in your felonious business", droned the burglar. "My accusation is general. Honor among thieves? Pah! Among plain, honest thieves, maybe! But among literary pirates? Never! When I came into this room tonight and saw the array of names on your shelves I, a professional housebreaker, felt like Ali Baba in the den of thieves. Actually, I blushed."

Mr. Huntington, noting the other's pasty complexion, thought this must have been a rather difficult process. He was too well bred to say so, however. So he said nothing.

"Half the time of every man in this country is given over to writing something or other", mused the burglar, disconsolately. "It's a literary age — without literature."

"Come, now; that's stretching it too far", protested the writer. "Some men — tradespeople, for instance — don't write; can't write."

"I admit they can't! I deny they don't! Name me one that doesn't write — just one!"

Mr. Huntington looked thoughtful. Then a smile lighted his eyes.

"Who has ever heard of a literary plumber, for instance?" he asked, triumphantly.

"Plumbers", said the burglar, "are the most prolific of writers. The other day I telephoned a plumber. Some of my . . . er . . . my instruments . . . were broken. In fact, I had use for them that evening for . . . for some church work. I asked what the repairs would cost. 'We'll send you our literature on the subject', came back the reply.

"'Put the Humpty Bumpty Shock

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Absorbers on Your Car', reads the advertisement. You write the manufacturers to learn the price. Instead of a simple statement of fact, back comes a bale of 'literature on the subject'! The world", he groaned, "is literary mad. You can't even buy a toothbrush nowadays without getting with it a volume, in seven languages, as bulky as the Congressional Record. Why, if ever you stopped to read that 'literature' the toothbrush wouldn't be fit to polish silver with by the time you got halfway through."

"Well, burglars don't write, anyhow", asserted Mr. Huntington confidently, as the burglar paused for breath.

"What!" shouted the other, jumping almost out of his chair. "Why, the magazines are full of their stories. To some editors a course in prison is the *sine qua non* of short story authorship. Of course no self respecting burglar writes. And if he did, no editor would accept what he wrote, because a skilful safecracker lacks imagination. No good workman has imagination. Hard work and imagination do not go together."

"I can't see why you read at all, then", ventured the author.

"It's a habit", said the burglar, with sorrow.

Mr. Huntington was silent.

"Don't you suppose its victims would break away if they could?" continued the burglar. "I've sat up night after night, trying to think my way out of it. Would you believe me, I haven't had a night's sleep now in three months?"

Mr. Huntington thought that in view of the nature of his guest's calling this was likely enough, but remembering his own vain efforts to get to sleep that night, he succeeded in looking genuinely concerned.

"Now, that's too bad", he said kindly. "Ever try Smithers's Panacea?"

The burglar laughed mirthlessly.

"Yes, I tried it", he said bitterly. "My wife picked up a bottle of it at a department store clearance sale. She brought it home. I unwrapped it and began reading the testimonials. In a week I had reached the names of the diseases it was positively guaranteed to cure. They ranged from ague to zooscopy — thousands of 'em. And it had pages and pages of symptoms of each of the ills on the list. At last I reached the directions for the cure of sleeplessness. I found out that the proper dose was from three drops to a tumblerful, before and after meals, and any other time you happened to think of it. I opened the bottle. There weren't three drops left. Whether it had been overcome by its own goodness or passed away from a complication of the diseases on the wrapper, I don't know. Anyhow, all that was left was the literature! Literature! Oh, Lord!"

The burglar removed his spectacles and wiped away an angry tear.

Mr. Huntington looked sympathetic.

"Literature", repeated the burglar sadly. "For years I nursed an ambition to read 'Hamlet'. Once I was close to my goal. I found a battered copy in the shop of an aged bookseller. I smuggled it home. I crossed the ocean. I went to Denmark; to Elsinore — to Kronborg Castle. Here, I thought, where Hamlet lived and died, I'll read the great tragedy of the melancholy Prince of Denmark.

"I hid behind a great piece of tapestry, took out a special flashlight (I wasn't a burglar then) and prepared to read. Scarcely had I opened the book when I heard someone approaching stealthily.

"'It must be here; it must be here', a scared voice whispered.

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"A little rat eyed man pulled aside the tapestry and my hiding place was revealed.

"'So ho!' he cried, in great agitation, 'you're looking for it, too. But you'll never find it!'

"'Looking for what?' I asked.

"'Why, for the hole in the curtain — where Hamlet thrust his sword through. Don't you remember the play — how old Polonious met his just deserts behind a curtain, at the end of Hamlet's avenging sword?'

"'I haven't read "Hamlet" yet', I told him.

"'Well, neither have I', he admitted, 'but I mean to, soon, and I am now engaged in writing my sixth critical essay on his life. I crossed the ocean just to find that hole in the curtain. Don't you see the historical importance of it? Why, man alive, volumes could be written about it; volumes! And they've gone and patched it up, or something. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!' And he wept like a child.

"'Why not write a tome on the influence that eating *smörbrod*, when he visited Denmark in his youth, may have had on Shakespeare?' I suggested. 'Explain how, probably, he contracted acute indigestion and that this, for aught we know, may have been and very likely was the source of the inspiration that ultimately found expression in his morbid tragedy.'

"'Immense', he squeaked. 'I'll devote the remainder of my life to it.'

"He wrung my hand.

"'Here', he cried, as he left me. 'Take this. It's very, very precious. Read it; read it thoroughly, young man; thoroughly and thoughtfully.'

"I took the precious volume", sighed the burglar. "It purported to prove that Hamlet's grave at Elsinore — the grave over which so many latter day tragedians have spilt tears and champagne — was not Hamlet's after all, but the grave from which poor Yorick's skull was disinterred. What, actually, it did prove, was that the hair of the present Baron Rosencrantz is a shade deeper red than the hair of that ancestor of his who figured in the tragedy."

The burglar took a deep breath.

"I turned to the moderns. I began on Bennett . . ."

"The one that sends out literature on how to grow young at seventy?" inquired the author, with polite interest.

"No, the other one", said the burglar. "The one that got out a book on how to live on twenty four hours a day."

"Oh, yes", said Mr. Huntington. "Father Bennett, the priest."

"Priest?" snorted the burglar. "He's no priest!"

"The wrong Bennett, no doubt", apologized Mr. Huntington. "The Bennett I refer to is a priest. He wrote a very sweet and touching work called 'Parish Nights'."

"Have you read that touching work?" asked the burglar, accusingly.

"Well — er, no; I haven't", admitted the author of "Fate's Messenger". "But I've read of it. You see I'm so busy with my own stuff that . . . er . . . "

"Anyhow, I read Bennett", resumed the burglar. "And I had hard work keeping caught up with him. He can't turn them out so fast as you can, perhaps; but, then, neither can one read his books as fast as yours. They have a gentle, soporific influence over one that . . . Well, I'll say this for them: they cured me, temporarily, of insomnia. . . . But I have no quarrel with Bennett. All I want to know is why, oh why, did he have to publish a list of other men's books that one must read, so he says, to qualify as a cultured person?"

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"These Englishmen are rather long winded at times", approved Mr. Huntington.

"Humph! Americans are just as bad. Take President Emeritus Eliot of Harvard, with his five foot shelf of classics! Bennett's offense and Eliot's differ only in kind; not in degree. Bennett feeds you literature by the hour; Eliot by the foot. They're all part and parcel of the same combination — a combination in restraint of original thought."

He shot a challenging glance at Mr. Huntington, but before the other could frame a reply he continued:

"Then came the war, and with it blue books, green books, white books, pink books, mauve books; books of every color in the spectrum. And as for the books after the war . . ."

He shook his head wearily.

Mr. Huntington curled his feet up under him and lighted a cigarette. For a minute there was silence in the big library. The burglar gazed moodily at the dying fire. Mr. Huntington glanced complacently at his polished nails. Then, seeing that, apparently, his guest's ire had burned itself out, he coughed cautiously.

"Ahem . . . er . . . have you read my latest work, 'Trifling with Destiny'?"

"No; I haven't read anything for a month", mumbled the burglar sulkily. "A month ago, in a fit of revulsion, I burned everything in my house that contained a printed word — books, papers, magazines, insurance policies, temperance tracts, real estate folders. Even my wife's cookbook and my baby's bankbook were destroyed in my burst of iconoclastic wrath.

"That's why I left a window open in your hall tonight. I intended, if I saw a book, to flee. I purposed going directly to the dining room. But I stumbled into the library. And . . . I admit it with shame . . . I fell!

"Now," he said slowly, "if you will give me two minutes' grace before you telephone the police, I should like to finish this book."

"I have no thought of turning you over to the police", said the author, with his politest bow. "Pray finish your reading."

The way the burglar smiled made Mr. Huntington think of schooldays once more. It was as if he were being thanked by the teacher for the gift of a rosy cheeked apple.

His guest pushed his spectacles down over his nose and, opening the book, read.

Before Mr. Huntington had had time to light another cigarette, he closed the book softly and looked up.

"Well?" inquired Mr. Huntington.

"Rotten!" said the burglar.

He arose with a yawn. "Well, I guess I'll be going."

"Must you, really? That's too bad. I thought perhaps you might like to discuss a novel I have in mind when I finish 'Fate's Messenger', but of course . . . Here, just a moment. I want you to take this as a souvenir of your visit."

From a nearby shelf he took down a leather bound volume.

"Special edition of 'Trifling with Destiny', type distributed, autographed by the author, for my intimate friends", he explained.

Twin shadows of dismay and disgust chased each other across the dyspeptic countenance of the burglar. Reluctantly he accepted the book and stuffed it into the pocket of his shabby coat.

Holding his bathrobe close about his bare legs, Mr. Huntington preceded his guest to the open window in the hall. It seemed to occur to neither that the front door offered a more convenient

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means of exit. The burglar put one leg over the sill.

"Good night", he said.

"Good night", echoed Mr. Huntington.

The burglar swung the other leg over. He hung from the sill by his hands. The sidewalk was less than three feet below his long, dangling legs.

"Oh, one more word!" exclaimed Mr. Huntington. "There was a little something I wanted to ask your advice on. I left the hero of my new book, his broad back to a brick wall, a contemptuous smile playing on his thin lipped, forceful mouth, facing a German firing squad. What, in your opinion, would be the best way to save the situation?"

The burglar reflected.

After all, he owed the author something for treating him so courteously.

"What is your hero?" he asked, finally. "A French soldier, a spy, a . . ."

"No", explained the author. "You see, he's a young but celebrated American writer and . . ."

"Let the Germans shoot and be damned to you both", said the burglar, as he dropped to the ground.

WET GRASS

By Lizette Woodworth Reese

TINGES Corner dripped and sighed,
Clear silver in the sun,
And thin with music, like a song
Whose singing is half done.

As he and I came up that way,
Through the silver air,
The smell of wet grass hurt us so,
That we fell silent there.

Before we knew it, each from each,
Had moved a space apart,
Our eyes upon the drenched green road,
Each with a prick at heart.

For he remembered all at once,
A woman, who was dead;
I, a dead lad. It was too much.
And not a word was said.

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*—From "Letters written from London", 1807**

NICHOLAS SEES ELLEN TERRY

By Anne Carroll Moore

Down the Hill of Ludgate,
Up the Hill of Fleet,
To and fro and East and West,
With people flows the street;
Even the King of England
On Temple Bar must beat
For leave to ride to Ludgate
Down the Hill of Fleet.
From "Peacock Pie" by Walter de la Mare.

CHERRIES were ripe in the orchards of Kent when Nicholas and Ann Caraway came riding through Canterbury to London.

Cherries were ripe in Covent Garden Market and on all the fruit stalls round about St. Paul's.

"Round and Sound
Fivepence a Pound
Duke Cherries!"

sang Ann Caraway the morning after their arrival in England. "The Cries of London are in Piccadilly, Nicholas, and Miss Primrose invites us to go with her. We are all to have luncheon first", she says, "with our Fairy Godmother, at a lovely French restaurant in Soho. I know you'll like Miss Primrose. She's Scotch and tells the jolliest stories you ever heard."

"Let's run right round to the post office and send her a telegram, Ann Caraway. It sounds to me like a good time."

And it was a good time, from the delightful luncheon party in Soho to the gay eighteenth century fête in Piccadilly where the Cries of old London came alive to Nicholas.

"Do you want any Matches?" cried a little Match Girl as Nicholas passed by.

*Illustrations for this article are reproduced by courtesy of Wilbur Macy Stone from old children's books in his collection.

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"Songs, penny a sheet!"

—From "Old London Street Cries", 1885

"No thank you. I don't want any just now", he called back.

"Sweet China Oranges,
Sweet China!"

cried an old Orange Woman in a voice like a cracked teacup.

"I nearly always want an orange", said Nicholas, and he stopped the barrow she was wheeling along to buy one.

"Knives, Scissors, and Razors to Grind!" cried the Scissors Grinder in three sharps.

Nicholas felt for his knife. "I haven't any razors nor scissors", he said, "but my knife wants sharpening."

A wonderful dark eyed Italian Dancing Man with a tambourine sang a song to Nicholas as he passed by and set him dancing to the tune of a barrel organ.

"It's a lovely party, Miss Primrose!" said Nicholas.

"And it's going to be still lovelier," cried Ann Caraway, "for here comes Ellen Terry with her arms full of rosemary and lavender."

"Who is Ellen Terry?" asked Nicholas.

"A great English actress, who is almost as much loved in America as she is in England", replied Ann Caraway. "Let's follow on behind while she visits the stalls!"

Walking behind Ellen Terry as she passed from stall to stall — laughing and chatting with the lovely young girls in picture book dresses who were selling Banbury cakes and lollipops, Shrewsbury cakes and Bath buns, dream books and riddle books, cherries and strawberries, roses and lilies, old songs and ballads — they came at last to the door of the concert hall.

"Tickets for the concert not going very well, my dear?" they heard her say. "Tell them Ellen Terry will recite something if you think it will help."

In no time at all every ticket was sold, and if Miss Primrose had not known just how to choose the right seats in a hurry Nicholas and Ann

Carrots, Cabbages, fine Savoys, nice curious Savoys.

—From "The Moving Market; or, Cries of London", circa 1790

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Caraway would never have been able to sit where they could see Ellen Terry all through the concert. "She's having her tea", whispered Nicholas. "Look, Ann Caraway, she's nodding and clapping to everyone with her hands full of teacup."

When she came out upon the platform everybody clapped, and clapped, and clapped. It seemed to Nicholas that they were never going to let her begin. But at last to his great joy he heard her voice. "I am going to recite the first piece I ever learned — the story of Little Red Riding Hood — I may not remember all the verses, but you will forgive me if I forget", and with a smile that warmed and lighted up the whole audience, Ellen Terry began to recite "Little Red Riding Hood" in rhyme. Everybody clapped, and clapped, and clapped all over again when she finished and refused to let her go back to her seat in the audience until they had heard once more from her lips:

The quality of mercy is not strain'd
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes. . .

"The first time I ever saw Ellen Terry she was Portia in 'The Merchant of Venice'", said Ann Caraway to Miss Primrose. "I shall always see her as she looked that night. The last time I heard her read those lines, twenty years after, she was standing in the Neighborhood Playhouse on our East Side with a great book open before her and she was wearing a glorious gown.

"I've been thinking all afternoon of the children of the East Side and their festivals and plays. They love Red Riding Hood and they love Shakespeare and they know all about Ellen Terry although she is no longer on the stage."

"Couldn't we give her the little bunch of violets Miss Primrose gave you?" suggested Nicholas. "I'll tell her the East Side children sent them by the Primrose special", he chuckled, waving his hand at Miss Primrose. "They'd like to have us do it."

Young lambs to sell.

—From "Old London Street Cries", 1885

As they passed out of the concert hall Nicholas put the little bunch of violets into Ellen Terry's hands with a special greeting from the New York children of the East Side.

"Give them all my love", said Ellen Terry with a smile that lighted up the whole distance from Piccadilly to East Broadway.

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CAN IT BE TAUGHT?

By Merida Wilde

Miss Wilde's essay won first prize in THE BOOKMAN'S *Club Essay Contest, also the prize for the best paper on Education*

I LACK something. This lack, although now growing less noticeable, often has caused me anguish. Can a similar need perhaps be met by the public schools within a few years?

From back in the grades, one still clear picture remains, an incident that made me rebelliously ill at ease. The principal, by chance in our room, was admonishing a certain Jennie Long to sit up straight. Said our principal, "Jennie, a girl with your splendid figure ought to hold herself well. You should be proud of your carriage, my dear, and —" Just here I snickered, and was ordered, my face burning, into the cloakroom to await punishment. She came, the principal, and reproved me, called me rude and unkind. I was indignant but silent. How could I tell Miss Garth that at home everybody made fun of Jennie's lanky, ungainly figure, even laughed whenever she passed our house, "There goes that gawk!" I had only done at school as my people did at home. And it didn't seem fair to be punished for what was natural to me.

High school life fifteen years ago was a more simple matter than it now is. Then children of the élite attended Jackson Academy; high school got sons and daughters from the lower and the upper middle class. And there was a distinction. Not in the first year perhaps. Then we were a lot of babes socially. But during the second year began the "cliquing off". (High school is not a democratic institution in this town, never has been, and never will be. Snobbery is natural here. It exists among school board members and in the faculty. Why pretend that it's a negligible matter among students? Is our town unique in this respect, I wonder?) Clara I liked and admired. Martha was very fond of me. These two stand out distinctly. And Clara, in our sophomore year, ceased passing me notes, slipping her arm around my waist, waiting for me to stroll along toward the street car with her. I manœuvred to get her alone one late October afternoon and, frank, outspoken creature that I was, I asked her why she didn't like me any more. Her answer of course was evasive. She seemed just a bit sorry for me. That puzzled me. Other girls' deflection didn't matter. But I loved Clara — I do yet. And she represented a factor which baldly left me alone.

Clara's father was only a mustard merchant in town, out for what he could get. My father held an office of responsibility (and meagre salary) under Uncle Sam. Clara's mother, whom I met once, was a stolid looking German woman, prominent chiefly in her church and lodge societies. My mother, probably because of ill health, had no interest in any sort of club. My father had never worn a dress suit in his life; my mother didn't know what a place-card was; they each used one knife and one fork throughout a meal — thank

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heavens, they did not use the knife exclusively. Formal affairs with their accoutrements seemed to be a part of Clara's parents' lives. But did just that make the difference between Clara and me? Her people had graduated from high school about twenty years before. My people — well, I'm afraid that they, each the oldest child in a large family, had received not even six years of public school instruction. My father, I know, went to night school after marrying Mother, but a woman couldn't do that sort of thing then. Was it that, a lack of school training for my parents, which made me fall just short of the prerequisites for admittance into Clara's crowd? I used to feel that I had been born twenty five years too soon. If I could be my own daughter, after even one generation of yearning which found light and education, then maybe circumstances would be better.

Martha's people were like my people. Her crowd became my crowd. Yet always a deadening resentment was within me. Have you noticed how commonly in stories the poor heroine, no matter how humble her home, has parents and grandparents of gentle bearing, wide reading, purely academic tastes? Queer, isn't it?

I went to a small college and lived in the dormitory. Lack of a "bid" bothered me not at all. I had never expected any. I was not naturally a social creature, to say nothing of being a society girl. Sorority girls at the Hall were friendly, not condescending with us others; we sat at table as classes, not cliques. For the first time in my life, I used a bread and butter plate and enjoyed being served. Occasionally I sat at the end of the table with another girl and served with her. Then one Sunday morning (when half the Hall sleeps through the breakfast hour) I came late into the dining room and was motioned by the preceptress into the one vacant seat at her table. To be near her always made me nervous. She was democratic, as a matter of business, but by natural instincts a condescending sort of person. Beside me sat Dot Jennings, a thoroughly charming girl who had been in my class all through the primary grades at home. She wished to be excused from the table for a moment; so when the dishes of breakfast food were set upon the table, there was I alone to serve the cereal. I did as I had done at all other times, asked the girl at the far end of the table whether she wanted cornflakes or oatmeal. As I served her flakes, Dot slipped into her seat behind the bowl of oatmeal. "But did you serve Miss Stevens first?" she asked me in surprise. Miss Stevens, diplomatic as she is unapproachable, explained, "Mary probably knows I don't eat prepared cereal." I had committed a faux pas, had betrayed my ignorance of gentle behavior, and had done it not only before the preceptress and a table full of fellow students but before Dot Jennings, a society girl from home.

Breakfast somehow ended. I stayed it out. But up in my room I lay and moaned. Why didn't I know an older person must be served first? Why hadn't my folks known it to tell it to me? Why weren't little things like that taught to me, somehow? In a classroom I was at ease; languages were a joy, in literature I "shone", philosophy was a fascinating adventure. I could learn anything in a book. My mind was nearly as keen as the best, and because I was no prig, I enjoyed respect in my classes. But here I was unworthy because of being just plain ill bred. Why couldn't I have learned somewhere the intricacies of refined manners?

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I didn't eat Sunday dinner at the Hall. I bought Hersheys and dates and hiked off alone till late afternoon. For weeks it was torture to meet the eyes of any girl who had been seated at Miss Stevens's table on that Sunday morning.

I received my degree there. No, I did not make Phi Beta Kappa in spite of my A's and A-'s and B's. There were brilliant people in our class who could do other things besides learn from books, which was my only forte. The selection was quite just. I have never felt otherwise.

I came home and found myself teaching in high school. (Father has hosts of friends and much influence, although he scorns the habits of polite society.) Jackson Academy had been dissolved, so that students now came to the public high schools from refined homes, from wealthy homes, and from homes with both attributes. The compulsory attendance law brought many to us who would not otherwise have come. Representatives of every stratum of our town life were in school. Cliques existed, as they had when I was a pupil in that school. The lines of demarcation were more numerous and possibly more rigorously drawn. It sounds weak to state this, but the fact is that I sometimes felt embarrassed in exercising authority over young people of fifteen or sixteen or seventeen who were continually mentioned in the papers as "the younger smart set".

After I had been teaching about a year, I was among a dozen or so guests of the head of a department in our high school. Coffee and sandwiches were served. A young woman next me dropped her cup, let it fall, spilling its contents on her dress and the hostess's rug. She flushed as she nervously accepted help. I suffered acutely in sympathy for her confusion, and breathed a thanksgiving that that bit of awkwardness was not of my creating. A few weeks later at a church social hour, a naive young boy from another high school than mine was speaking with me about his teachers. He said, "You know, it's funny about Miss Clark. She doesn't seem — nice enough — refined enough — to be a high school teacher." Then hurriedly, "She's awf'ly nice an' all that, but — you know how I mean, don't you?" I did know how he meant about Miss Clark, the teacher who had spilled her cup of coffee at that little evening party. I knew only too well. In her, I recognized a person very like myself whose family perhaps, while respectable and not coarse, were at least inexperienced and indifferent to good form. Then I wondered whether some keen sighted student of mine might feel that I wasn't "refined enough to be a high school teacher".

I suffered for weeks over that thought.

Not so long ago, I attended a little shower. "Among those present were —" well, no one who is my superior, socially, and a few who are inferior. (Certainly, I realize caste in these United States; and if I'm honest enough to recognize "my betters", may I not even the balance by claiming justly superiority in some cases?) Even on this occasion, there appeared my misfaculty for doing the right thing at the right time. The simple gifts being handed out, I noticed a glass fruit knife. And I exclaimed, "What ever will you do with that? I got one as a prize a year ago and it's still in its box." After a moment, some girl declared that she used hers all the time, the glass knife never got black, it cut grapefruit so easily, and it could always be taken back to the store to be resharpened. Instantly I sensed my clumsiness. Someone had brought that gift. And

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someone had perhaps been hurt by my crudeness. There it was again: out in company, I had been thoughtless, hence rude.

Do you see what I lack?

While many of my mistakes are the result of carelessness, some of them even now are due either to ignorance of good form or to lack of practice. Just the other day, at a patriotic banquet, I picked up in my hand an unwieldy bit of French pastry. At home, we don't eat cake with a fork.

Can some sort of etiquette classes be conducted in our high schools? Even better, in our grammar schools? Can't thoughtfulness for others — since this quality is essential to pleasing deportment — be made a religiously emphasized creed for children? Can't they have instruction in the rudiments of gentle manners, those who lack such instruction at home? Required classes of this sort might prove unfortunate, since the superciliousness of some might make others uncomfortable; a course in etiquette would need to be elective. (I understand that in a New York high school such a class was recently requested by the pupils.) Our aim in the public schools is supposed to be "the greatest good for the greatest number". The middle class of people, the less affluent ones, are certainly the greatest number. Would it not be of greatest good to afford these people an opportunity of practising, besides hearing preached, the gentle art of correct behavior?

In glancing over this outcry, I fear that judgment upon me may be too harsh. I have spoken frankly but I must be fair to myself. Not withstanding all the social errors I commit, my family and friends are not wholly crude or unworthy. Let me illustrate.

Without being jazz crazy, we enjoy a sort of music occasionally, a piano with two or three other instruments. Judd, down at the office, has hinted at, even requested of my cousin an invitation for some evening. He jazzes a saxophone rather cleverly. He looks all right, clothes, hair cut, etc., but Cousin Larry says he won't do. I am sorry for Judd in a way. So too is Larry. I want to see whether he won't do. One night we decide to ask him over.

He has a "date," but if his date will come he will phone us. Not until nine thirty does the phone ring. Judd can come now. So we go after him in our Hup. Judd brings out Miss White and they get in the back seat with Larry. We begin to sing, because we love the harmony of it, "I'll build a bungalungalungalow." Judd, in purposeful discord, spoils our harmony, while Miss White laughs shrilly at our "Noah's ark song". We round a corner quickly. Miss White slides rather heavily onto Larry, accidentally. But she remains there, her fat shoulder and arm resting on my cousin. Judd jerks her to his side and keeps his arm about her. He speaks:

"Looka here, young woman! The man drivin' is married, and Larry here's engaged, so you jus' don't wanna be tryin' yer tricks on 'em."

His date laughs unpleasantly. (She laughs a lot and aloud.) "Say, guy, I sh'd whimper. I got s'many men on th' string I'm gettin' tired a draggin' 'em. You're ma fourth tonight, ya know."

Up at the house, Judd caresses her openly. (We are so unmodern as not to enjoy petting parties!) Miss White sits on the piano bench and begins to rag. She plays with her shoulders — some people do, you know. As I try to hand Judd a sheet of music, he grasps my arm with, "Shake a leg, old girl. You're too slow." (I have met him

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twice before.) During the evening he wants to sing us a song. "It sure is the berries, kid", he explains. No comment follows. His song has been "off color". We are relieved of an unpleasant tension when we drive them to their respective rooming places, our never-again-to-be-guests.

No, they are impossible. Judd won't do. Though he may be eager to pal with Larry, such a friendship isn't likely. He isn't the right kind. He's not our kind. He is no more acceptable to us now than I was to Clara some fifteen years ago. An easily seen gulf, a real vacuum, separates him from us.

It is just such a vacuum, perhaps keeping me even now from Clara, that I want to see filled. It is just such a need, a want, a lack, that I wish might be provided for in our public school systems. Training to fill this void forms a large part of the course in boarding schools and military schools and finishing schools. But to these, only moneyed parents can secure access for their young people. Can't all the children of all the people have this need conscientiously met?

I cry for the moon, yes. I yearn for the unattainable, yes. I make a paradoxical demand; I want good breeding to be taught. We strive so earnestly to teach culture in speech; why not emphasize equally culture in behavior? It is because such training may be widely helpful that I claim for others' benefit this boon which shall be of "the greatest good for the greatest number".

SONNET

By Carl L. Carmer

STILL as a jonquil on a breathless dawn
Made glassy by the spell of gipsy spring,
She has no smile to tell that she has drawn
From life the glory of its burgeoning.
The enchanted princess need not recognize
The certain pomp that ornaments her reign;
Mauve mornings, dewy lawns, and robins' cries
Are wonted magic in her sure domain.

No prince, I hope, will kiss her eyes awake
To bid her see and feel, she shall not know
That colors fade, and songs and hearts may break,
That darkness fallen knows no afterglow.
Her home shall be a land without a name,
Ringed round and round with ever leaping flame.

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POEMS BEFORE SEVEN

By Eliot Fitch Bartlett

With Notes by Ruth Fitch Bartlett

THE essential likeness between poets and children has long been recognized in literature. In his essay on Shelley, Francis Thompson shows to what a marked degree Shelley carried over into poetry "the child's faculty of make-believe raised to the nth power". He is the "enchanted child" still at play. "The universe is his box of toys. . . . He makes bright mischief with the moon. The meteors nuzzle their noses in his hand. . . . He dances in and out of the gates of heaven: its floor is littered with his broken fancies."

Modern psychologists reiterate this similarity, but the emphasis is changed. Whereas literature is concerned with the childlike qualities in poetry, psychology draws our attention to the poetic qualities inherent in childhood. If, as the latest theories claim, "all our emotional patterns are set before seven", then these years assume an entirely new significance, and whatever we can discover concerning the early development of the creative impulse becomes of more than personal interest. Psychology has freed us from self consciousness regarding the feats of our own children. It has taken the information concerning them out of the anecdotal class and placed it in the field of science. In his detailed study of his own children, Rasmussen, the great Danish psychologist, makes a special plea for similar records of many children, so that an accurate knowledge may be acquired, individual characteristics separated from universal traits, and general laws indicated.

The creative impulse is, of course, discernible in all children. Every mother knows the value a child puts on anything he has made himself — the shoebox train, the clumsily whittled boat with a handkerchief for a sail, the puckered doll's dress — for these the most elaborate store toys are neglected. But it was left for the psychologists to calculate the disastrous results of a lack of creative outlet. The fact that our sanitariums are filled with neurotics who had the artist's temperament, without the artist's opportunity or ability to create, is gradually working its way back and transforming the nursery and the school. We are giving our children blocks of wood and stone, with which they can build towers and castles and skyscrapers. Crayons and paper have taken the place of the old fashioned painting book, with its hard and frequently unlovely outlines. A child's idea of painting is no longer limited to a pitiful effort not to run over the edges. Colored paper for cutting out, linoleum for block prints, clay for modeling, are waiting for the child to play with in his own way — and in children the play spirit and the artistic are so closely connected as to be almost identical.

Language is simply another of the raw materials of art with which children play instinctively and from which, if given the opportunity, they create

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interesting and beautiful things. Their attitude toward words is not so completely utilitarian as it is usually supposed to be. A baby's first sounds are, to be sure, intimately associated with his needs, but surprisingly soon we find children taking delight in words regardless of their meaning. Just as they pull bright ribbons from our bureau drawers, so they pick strange and melodious words out of our conversation. They will go about for days at a time repeating over and over something that amuses or pleases them. They play with words as if they were toys even before they have acquired the ability to form complete sentences.

But if we give children the opportunity, they will do more than play with isolated words. They will use language as material with which to recreate their own experience. They will tell *us* stories. We read to them too much and listen too seldom. When Hilda Conkling wrote in the dedication poem to her mother:

> If I sing, you listen;
> If I think, you know. . .

she paid her a very touching and unusual compliment.

In many of the newer schools a regular time is set for the children's story telling. My own experiment in listening to my two small boys began almost as soon as they could talk, with the game of "and". We started by taking turns with familiar stories — "The Gingerbread Man", "Goldilocks and the Three Bears", "The Little Engine that Could", etc. All these stories have a definite chorus; one of us would tell the narrative, and the other two come in on the repetition. This active participation added greatly to the children's interest, and eliminated the restlessness mothers so often encounter when they simply read to a small child. Very soon we began making up our own stories as we went along. When the plot got complicated we would stop dramatically and point at someone else with a challenging — "and". It was surprising how complicated those plots would always become. Telling a complete story was the natural outcome of these continued-by-somebody-else games. One of the children would become so interested in what he was saying that he would ask to finish it himself.

The result for me has been not only great fun at the time, but a quick approach to an understanding of the children's characters. Scott, who is five, is an active, objective person with a vivid sense of the ridiculous. His stories emphasize and illustrate these traits. When his little boys or rabbits or squirrels go walking they invariably meet with the most astonishing adventures. His mind is inventive and dramatic. Plot and comedy predominate in his stories. His drawings show the same tendencies — he makes people and animals in action, trains and boats which he always manages to suggest are going somewhere.

Eliot, who is a year older, fills his pictures with trees and flowers, mountains and houses. His stories, when he attempts to finish them himself, trail off without any definite idea of direction. But he is happiest in what he calls "poems", brief descriptions, unrhymed, rhythmic images possessing an inherent pattern. Unlike his stories, which had their origin in a game and sometimes carry over personages met in literature — Columbus, Leif Erickson, giants and princesses — Eliot's poems seem to have sprung directly from his personal observation of nature. By this I mean that they have never followed immediately after reading, but rather after seeing.

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Searching in my mind to discover what influence the poetry read to him has had on his own expression, I am forced to eliminate nearly everything — Mother Goose, Stevenson, Eugene Field, Christina Rossetti, Walter de la Mare, and even the recent and adored A. A. Milne. There are no traces of them in his short and intrinsically childish "vers libre". If any literary kinship can be said to exist between a child and an adult, perhaps Eliot is nearest to Carl Sandburg and Vachel Lindsay. "Rootabaga Pigeons" with its fantastically beautiful imagery and humorous juggling of words has always appealed to him, though other mothers have protested that they could not read it to their children. He loves Vachel Lindsay's "Potato Dance", "The King of Yellow Butterflies", and "The Bronco that could not be broken of Dancing". How far these, or any others he has heard, have entered into his consciousness, it is impossible to tell, but it is quite obvious that his poems are typical expressions of a child's spontaneous reaction to the world about him.

Out of more than a hundred of these poems, written down exactly as he said them, I have selected a few to consider in detail, because they contain the elements of both childish and poetic fancy. Their content belongs to every imaginative child — rain and wind, clouds and stars, birds and squirrels and flowers. It is impossible for an adult to recollect how close children are to nature, what a fresh and sufficient miracle the world of reality is to them. Grown people need elves and fairies, extraneous and exotic additions to a world grown too familiar. Left to themselves children instinctively create their own mythology. Their interest in things is at the same time objective and imaginative — with children, as with poets, fancy and reality are inseparable.

Eliot's first poem, which he told to me when he was just three years old, seemed to be an unconscious rather than a conscious expression. The five lines came together as a whole, and were said in a queer enchanted tone quite different from his usual voice. This poem illustrates the trick familiar to a child of endowing objects like the moon and stars and trees with emotions of his own.

I did see the stars in the sky,
I did see the moons yesterday,
Moons dance in the sky,
Trees bow to them,
"Have a happy time!"

No similar expressions emerged for nearly a year. Then, in November when he was almost four, he told six more. And after that they came in bunches, usually at the turn of the seasons. The first days of spring, the beginning of fall, the first snow, have always been the starting points of his creative impulse. It has, of course, been a perfectly spontaneous adventure for him, not a part of the story telling game, though probably a personal departure from that habit. I have never bothered him with urging; in fact, it is generally when I am quite busy about something else that he comes to me saying, "I have a poem in my head." That is all. I simply write down what he says. Occasionally, he will ask me to read over what I have written, and will go on from there. But he never corrects, and seldom hesitates for a word. The way of saying a thing springs directly from the thing itself. It is interesting that his special voice has persisted, seeming to mark in his mind the difference between poetry telling and conversation — or even story telling. It has the chanting quality of primitive people,

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accenting the rhythm and making definite the line. This characteristic was particularly noticeable in one of his four year old poems to which for the first time he gave a title. As I read it now I can still hear the cadence of his voice.

ALL ABOUT THE OUTSIDE — ABOUT THE SKY

Little birds are flying in the sky,
The birds are all flying,
The eagles are flying,
All different birds are flying.
And trees, and trees, and trees,
Over the mountains,
And over the mountains,
And over the mountains.
Grass is growing,
Around and around,
And the sky is all around.

Rhythm and repetition children use instinctively. They delight in recurring sound — "over the mountains — and over the mountains — and over the mountains". It is by repetition that they achieve poetic form. Rhyme is a more sophisticated art. It belongs to the skilful fingers of an Elinor Wylie, who can use it with the subtle variation of "Miranda's Supper". In a child's hands rhyme inevitably makes for monotony. I have seen verse by children, between nine and eleven, in which the unnatural effort to find rhyming words destroyed the child's entire thought, and prevented any original expression.

The perception of likeness, the happiness in discovering relations between dissimilar things, belongs to children as well as to older poets. It is the essential stuff from which poetic imagery is made. Three of Eliot's poems, written between the ages of four and five, show the way in which a child can employ his perceptions. The inversion in the last line of "Butterflies" is worth noticing, because it breaks the monotony of the list of comparisons by an unexpected turn — a trick adults frequently use with intention.

BUTTERFLIES

The butterflies are flying,
Quite up and quite down,
The little ones and the mother ones.
White ones look like snow,
And red butterflies look like red curtains,
And blue flowers look like blue butterflies.
(*just four*)

ABOUT THE FALL

Leaves are turning as red as can be,
And leaves are falling off the trees,
Woo, woo, woooo,
Wind sounds like a fire engine rushing down the street.
Leaves are rattling and shuffling,
Dead leaves are blowing in the wind.
(*five*)

CLOUDS

I look carefully, carefully, at clouds,
And see little squirrels all bunched up,
Little squirrels holding their nuts,
And breaking them —
And blue water.

.....

One time when the sun was going to bed,
I saw something, really and truly,
A little boy sitting down.

.....

In the night when I look up,
I see little pebbles of stars,
And the lady moon sailing, sailing past.
(*five*)

In "Clouds" we see that the child is consciously observing with great care, and trying to convince us of the surprising things he has discovered.

Jack Frost, a character especially vivid to most children, appears in many of Eliot's earlier poems, and illustrates the way children personify the active forces of nature which they cannot explain.

Jackie Frost draws pictures,
And Jackie Frost bites and bites —
Not big bites,
Just taking a nibble,
And Jackie Frost makes pictures
On everybody's window.
(*just four*)

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There was a big, big wood,
There were awfully pretty flowers,
And when winter came,
Jack Frost used to just scamper on tiptoe.
Then, he froze the little brook,
That went drizzling along.
There were truly little frogs,
That slowly hopped underground.
And ice froze on the water.
There were one or two people skating
On the little stream,
There were Christmas trees on the snow,
And there was snow on the branches of the Christmas trees.
And Jack Frost was hopping from branch to branch.
(*just five*)

The last three poems need no special explanation, except, perhaps, the comment that they contain to a remarkable degree the special language of childhood. Where older poets must consciously avoid the hackneyed phrase, the outworn image, the too literary word, the child is able quite naturally to coin a fresh vocabulary.

FALL IS COMING

Fall is coming,
The apples are falling down from the trees,
And the birds are singing,
The bees are getting honey out of the pretty dahlias,
The flowers are going to seed.
Stone fences are growing in front of old houses,
And the birch trees are leaning over in the woods,
Over the pathway in the woods,
The pretty old elm tree is leaning over,
And the dripping-down willow,
The leaves on the trees are going to sleep.
The pretty old dusty road goes up the hill.
Fall is coming.
(*five*)

A RAINY DAY

Little pebbles of rain are falling down
On drizzly days,
And people are walking.
Rain falls on branches and houses,
And pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
Goes the rain,
People are walking with umbrellas,
And people are in their houses,
Very, very, cozy are the people.
And there are vases inside with pussy willows.
And pitter-patter, pitter-patter
Goes the rain on the windows.
It makes a noise on the windows,
And on the tin roofs,
It makes the sidewalks brown and very slippery.
(*just six*)

BIRDS FLYING

Birds are flying in the sky,
They fly all together,
They unhitch and fly by themselves,
They fly in circles up and down,
And then, they fly together again.
Pigeons do it in autumn.
Swallows fly like waves,
They fly like icicles, falling straight down,
Birds fly as if they were dancing in the sky.
(*just six*)

How far these poems of Eliot's are typical and in what particulars they are individual, it is impossible to determine conclusively; there is no anthology of the poetry of children under seven with which to compare them. Perhaps these notes will encourage other parents to preserve the early poetic expressions of their children. By doing so they can accomplish two important things: they can add to the general psychological knowledge of the development of the creative faculty, and they can foster whatever latent ability the children possess. It is not that I imagine for a moment that Eliot or many of the other children will necessarily become poets. But the qualities evolved through creative experience have utilitarian as well as artistic value. Accurate observation is a requirement of the scientist as well as of the poet; the power to translate experience into fitting words is important in ordinary living; imagination is a business asset as well as a literary one. And it is precisely these qualities that can be developed by the practice of poetic activity. Aside from these more remote values, there is the immediate happiness a child finds in expressing his newly formed ideas. And to us, who have grown away from those ideas, the poetry of children is an authentic revelation of the special outlook of childhood.

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THE LONDONER

The Hudson Memorial — George Whale and a Press Stunt — H. W. Massingham — A Keats Museum — The English Poetry of Nonsense — A Thomas Hardy "Chair" — Jane Austen's Letters — A New Novel by Anthony Hope.

LONDON, *July* 1, 1925.

THE sensation of the month is the Hudson Memorial. It will be remembered that some time ago there was an appeal for funds to establish a memorial to the late W. H. Hudson. The memorial was to take the form of an erection in Hyde Park, and a bird sanctuary was to be established as a supplementary affair. Funds have been collected, and it has transpired that after much heart searching the committee entrusted the work of designing the special symbolic tablet to Mr. Epstein. The tablet has been unveiled, and all the more sentimental of the subscribers, who expected a pretty piece of sculpture, are in the position of those who want their money back. They are revolted because Mr. Epstein, who is an individual artist, has followed his own bent, and his own conception of Hudson's particular genius. Now it is certain that the majority of bird lovers are sentimentalists. They know practically nothing about birds, except that they are pretty, and that they sing charmingly. They are nature lovers who are in most respects blind to nature. As Hudson himself said in a letter to Morley Roberts:

> Nature doesn't love us and we don't love Nature except in an indirect way. She stands proxy to the things we really love — our fellow creatures. . . . The man who spends his days in woods and wilds in studying the life and conversation of animals has a second and much stronger incentive — Mental Curiosity. Nature has two lures for him instead of one.

It is that mental curiosity of which Hudson speaks in this passage that is the keynote to his character. For the sentimentalists, who have no curiosity which could be called mental, his work should be a tonic, but I question whether sentimentalists have ever largely read Hudson. If they had ever done so his works would be best sellers (as are the works of Gene Stratton-Porter) instead of books in which a section of the snobs have begun to rejoice. "Hudson — ah, the dear man — so fond of birds . . ." say the sentimentalists, dipping in their purses for the Hudson Memorial. "Epstein — ah, the horrid man — so unkind." Well, having paid the piper, perhaps they should have called the tune, but I think Hudson would have seen the point of Epstein's work. I do not think Hudson was ever a sentimentalist. He had really watched birds (and humans) with something of comprehension, and his work had something of the inhuman truthfulness of the world of nature. Hence its unpopularity. Furthermore, there is no sculptor at the present moment in England of the stature of Epstein. Finally, everything that Epstein does invariably causes a row — witness the decorations in the Strand, which are little regarded now by all who pass

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along the Strand, the Wilde Memorial, and the recent bust of Conrad. I need hardly say that the press has welcomed the fuss about the Hudson Memorial, since it has enabled the papers to enjoy a little stunt about ugliness in the arts. Fortunately it is now too late to cancel the memorial to Hudson, and so London has been able to add to its by no means distinguished sculpture a piece of Epstein's characteristic work. This work also does honor to one who, if he is now being gushed over by the wrong people, was at least a writer of great gifts, and an observer of gifts even greater.

* * * *

Press stunts are always interesting, and the one which the "Daily Express" recently ran over the death of George Whale at the annual dinner of the Rationalist Press Association was a very typical affair. The "Daily Express" made it appear that Mr. Whale, in the act of blaspheming the Holy Ghost, was struck dead. Other newspapers recorded the death of Mr. Whale, but only the "Express" managed to give the event miraculous significance. The explanation of this is to be found, I learn through examination of the report of what actually happened, in the fact that Mr. Whale did not die while speaking the words attributed to him. He died during the speech of Major Putnam, who followed him. This is quite a different thing. Naturally, the members of the R. P. A. are extremely disgusted with the effort which has been made to sensationalize the whole business, and it is easy to sympathize with their feeling. George Whale was one of the most simple and lovable men I ever met. To see him, so invariably benign and cheerful he was, was to receive at once an impression of happiness. And, although at one time I was often in his company, I never saw him otherwise than happy. He was something of a scholar, but much more of a lover of literature. Also, he was an excellent host. He made his guests at ease, and he could always secure his guests. I can remember his once giving a luncheon in honor of a young woman writer, and the assembly was quite dazzling. But better still was his smaller party, where each guest found himself (or herself) alongside a congenial spirit, as if the tactful gathering of men and women for which Whale was noted had once again been miraculously successful. As a talker, Whale was always arch and entertaining, and he carried the same gifts into his after dinner speeches. They were not great speeches, but they were full of humane understanding and love of humane things. They were full of humor and good-humor. Whale will be missed.

* * * *

Another man who *is* missed is H. W. Massingham, who is just being commemorated by means of a volume of extracts from his writings annotated by his son. I have not yet seen this volume, which is published only as I write; but I shall make a point of seeing it, as I advise my readers to do. For one thing, Massingham was a very good writer indeed. He could often make his articles take on the air of being literature, and this, I think, for a man who wrote much and hastily, was a rare feat. But the truth is that Massingham's personality was one of so much quick fieriness that he flamed into eloquence as he wrote. Just so, he flamed into enthusiasm or into righteous anger which was not always called for by the theme upon which he wrote. He did it without insincerity. He simply caught fire. For this reason

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he was unreliable as a critic. But as a prophet, with a really passionate earnestness in the cause of liberty and freedom of speech, he was a man of mark.

He made "The Nation" the best written journal of its time, so that even when they hated what the paper said men would still read it (as Mancunians — who are all Conservatives — read "The Manchester Guardian", swearing against its politics and its general views, but reading it with rage and admiration each morning). He would champion every cause that seemed to have no friends, and would feel as bitterly over some petty meanness as over the major iniquities of bureaucratic government. And with all this passion, he was ready to burst into laughter at a sally at his own expense — not to be shaken by it, but to appreciate its ridiculousness. As an editor I must remark that I always found him conciliatory and fair. He was also appreciative, and would drop a note of warm praise at anything that he thought worthy. Moreover he had (still I speak only from my own experience) a way of seeming to respect his contributors which made those contributors eager to earn his praise and his respect. If the book which his son has prepared exhibits this man in anything like his versatility and his great idealistic force, it will be a book which no student of humanity can afford to miss reading, for while I do not suppose Massingham to have been a man who was right (very often, I think he was wrong, as if he had a gift for being wrong) I do very strongly feel that he had a nobility and a greatness of spirit which entitle him to the regard of this generation. He could pitch his note high without forcing it, and indeed he spoke and wrote high because that was the way he thought.

It is good news that the house in Hampstead where Keats wrote some of his best poems has been converted into a permanent museum. I mentioned some months ago that I had visited the Keats museum in Rome, and I hope that the new English museum will be an even greater boon to Keats lovers. It is situated in a very delightful district, and to turn from the busy little settlement of shops which has sprung up around the Hampstead railway station (not the Tube station, but that one which belongs to what is called the North London Railway) into the narrow street called nowadays Keats Grove, full as it is of quaint old houses, is to feel at once the atmosphere appropriate to a poet's home. The house has been made charming in every way. I hope it will become a place of pilgrimage. It is near a terminus for both tramcars and omnibuses, and is thus easy to reach. And, in spite of all that has been written and said of Keats (not least what was said at the inauguration of the museum, which was for the most part very silly), it must be evident that Keats is one of the very loveliest of all English poets. For that quality, of evoking lovely sensuous images, he stands, indeed, next Shakespeare. It is a pity that his admirers should have such a priggish strain in them, for those who would admire and love Keats as he should be loved and admired are sometimes so distracted by Keats's sponsors that they are set against a poet wrongly patronized. How should it be otherwise when a young poet is appropriated by holy men who deplore the natural manifestations of his genius and find fault with him for qualities which they are unable to understand. A good critical study of Keats, purely a study, and not a detailed biography, would be a welcome

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thing. I wish it might appear in my lifetime.

* * * *

This reminds me that Emile Cammaerts has been delivering an address upon "The English Poetry of Nonsense". The subject was an inspiration. The "Times" fortunately gave a report of the lecture, which seems to have been excellent. But unfortunately the "Times" report has given rise to a most extraordinarily futile correspondence in which the point of the lecture has been lost entirely. We have had a number of men writing to say that they always understood as children that "Sing a Song of Sixpence" had reference to the number of weeks in the year, to the solar myth, and what not. And we have had all sorts of gibberish rhymes quoted in full to show how very full of gibberish the English genius is. Even the "Times" itself went a little wrong, I thought, by contributing a too arch leading article to the discussion, in which the writer thought it funny to refer ironically to "that fellow Swinburne", and "that fellow Wordsworth", etc. M. Cammaerts did not anticipate, I feel sure, that his adroit lecture would produce such a fine crop of nonsense of a quite different kind from the kind he had in view. It was not so much gibberish as preposterousness that he indicated. That is clear from the report of the lecture. I subjoin an extract to make my meaning clear, at the same time making full acknowledgment to the "Times", from the report in which paper I quote:

M. Cammaerts said the English nonsense poetry was not only very remarkable poetry, but was of the essence of poetry. . . . They might take first of all that classic among nursery rhymes, "Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle". Here was not only a delightful pageant of absurdity and characteristic figures, but also a new kind of poetry and technique. . . . The poet forced his meaning to suit the rhyme. In spite of that the poem was delightful because the poet did that without any hypocrisy. The image was suggested by the necessity of the rhyme and that made a new kind of poetry. Another example was: "Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye." The poet simply chose the characteristic image which created poetry. There was poetry and art in these nursery rhymes as well as in an ordinary poem. The striking thing was that there was a great proportion of this kind of poetry in English nursery rhymes and a very small proportion in the nursery rhymes of other countries. It was hardly ever found in French.

Even in the development of English literature there was much of the same sort of thing. There was a strain of nonsense all through English literature. There was the well-known song in "Twelfth Night": "With a hey ho, the wind and the rain." Again, in "As You Like It", there was: "It was a lover and his lass." References which had nothing to do with the poem itself came through incongruously, for the music of the words and the images they suggested. There was an irrationalism in this which could not be followed by people on the Continent. They did not see the joke.

In the development of this, in the 19th century, they were dealing with literature by two great men. Edward Lear and Lewis Carroll made it their business to develop this special *genre* of poetry. In the limericks of Lear it was the adjective applied to the hero or heroine in the last line which mattered more than the rhymes. It was the poetry of the grotesque, using that word in the sense in which *le grotesque* was different from *l'esprit*.

The nonsense of Carroll emanated from the nursery and brought us back to the nursery. In "Alice Through the Looking-Glass" there were the lion and the unicorn, Humpty Dumpty, and Tweedledum and Tweedledee. In this poetry of the absurd there was a very serious side. That serious side was that the vagueness, the sheer harmony of word was emphatically poetry — poetry run mad, poetry on the verge of becoming music, when the words sometimes ceased to have any meaning.

Speaking of the limerick craze of 1907–8, he drew attention to the emergence again of the conflict between the grotesque and the witty. Here was a whole nation engaged upon the making of absurd limericks. That could not have occurred in any other country. What was the explanation? All through English history there was this

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trend of nonsense literature. Why was it not found abroad or restricted to very slight symptoms? Among men of letters who had studied English poetry there was a general idea that English poetry was the finest poetry in the world, just as the finest prose was French. Was there no connection between the fact that the English temperament was so well adapted to poetry and the fact that its nonsense poetry flourished so well? Was it not that nonsense poetry was the essence of poetry; that music or jingle of words, an excess of exhilaration and exuberance, was produced because the English had, to a greater extent than other nations, the poetical faculty?

One correspondent, following this report, made a considerable addition to the subject by suggesting that a similar note of nonsense to that of the English nursery rhymes was to be found in German nursery rhymes; but nobody drew attention to the work of Mr. Chesterton, which is nonsense poetry or real poetry as the occasion demands. This simply means that Mr. Chesterton is a real poet. He is not so regarded by large numbers of people, but that is because Mr. Chesterton has been so versatile, and so much of a politician (theological as well as Liberal), that his poetry has been taken as a side line. Mr. Chesterton, in fact, has his versatility (perhaps much more his incessant political preoccupation) to blame for his comparatively mediocre position in pure literature. His prose is written so much to prove something which nobody wants to believe that his serious contribution to letters has been considered nonsense. When Mr. Chesterton is dead, and we erect a fountain to him (with design by Epstein which Mr. Chesterton would regard as the work of the village atheist blaspheming the village idiot) it may be found that we have secreted among us for the period of Mr. Chesterton's literary life a poet who has wilfully perverted his talent into a vein for which he had little real aptitude. For Mr. Chesterton has a superb gift for linking the sublime with the ridiculous. He is the only man I have ever heard who can sober an hilarious audience by pronouncing the name "God", and he has a poetical genius which he and the commercial world have combined to stultify. Much of what he has written in the name of criticism has been pure gibberish; but to Mr. Chesterton the real world is precisely that world of the dreamlike topsy turvy, the grotesque, the splendid, the preposterous, which M. Cammaerts has discovered to be so distinctively English. Moreover, I should like to add that this world is not exclusively English. There is plenty of nonsense in America, also, and in other parts of the world. Strange that it should have been left to a Belgian to point out the English origins of this nonsense, because I should say that the French race is almost without the characteristic quality.

I say this with an eye to the fairy tales of nations. I cannot pretend to exhaustive knowledge of national fairy tales, but I suggest that in England, Germany, and Russia there has never been the glassy invention of the French fairy story. French fairy stories, to me, have all great delicacy, great charm, and so on; but they lack naïveté. The French are responsible for much of the idea of "form" which is to be found in modern fiction, and there is grace and "form" in the French fairy stories. But in the German and Russian fairy tales there is nonsense. There is just pure invention, for the love of invention. And the invention is so often incredible (judged by scientific standards) that if there were not good will in the matter of credence — if, in fact, nonsense were not granted to be the purest sense — the stories would fall to the ground. If we take

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the comic operas of Gilbert (and mind, I agree that Gilbert's libretti creak badly at times) we shall see something of the same thing. In "The Mikado", for example, when Ko-ko is called upon to explain how it is that Nanki-poo, whose execution by himself he has described afflictingly a short time before, is still alive and well, he says: "It's like this: when your Majesty says, 'Let a thing be done', it's as good as done — practically it is done — because your Majesty's will is law. Your Majesty says, 'Kill a gentleman', and a gentleman is told off to be killed. Consequently that gentleman is as good as dead — practically he *is* dead — and if he is dead, why not say so?" Such, it seems to me, is the reasoning of the fairy tale. The things related might just as well have happened as any other things, and therefore they most probably did happen; nay, they assuredly did happen. But the French are an intellectual people, and their lies (by which I mean the creative works of French writers) are calculated to produce a certain effect upon the mind of the reader. Take the case of Anatole France. All the lies in his works are lies which are intended to put notions into the heads of his readers. They are not nonsense. They may have the air of nonsense, but they are nothing of the kind. Their naïveté is ingenious. I think Anatole France was much too self conscious a literary artist to risk pure nonsense. Indeed, I have just been reading a book about Anatole France (it is called "La Vie et les Opinions d'Anatole France", and is written by Jacques Roujon) which says that the keynote of that writer's nature was laziness, and hints pretty plainly that he was exceedingly second rate, with a poor brain, few ideas, etc. It may be so. Anatole France's brain has just been discovered to be small and light by those who have taken his head to pieces, and these gentlemen are supported by M. Roujon, who had picked it to pieces without seeing the remains. This is a minor point. I shall not labor it, having used Anatole France merely as an example to show what I meant above as to the incapacity of the French genius for nonsense as it is known in other countries. I cannot imagine in French, that is, the conversation which takes place between Alice and the Cheshire Cat regarding the Duchess's baby, which turns into a pig and runs away. "Did you say 'Pig' or 'Fig'?" asks the Cheshire Cat. This, to me, is the question which could only be asked in a world where anything might happen. It is not an intellectual world or a French made world, but belongs to the poetic silliness of the English genius.

* * * *

To turn from nonsense to sense, I note with great satisfaction that it is proposed to create a University for Wessex. This is not an impossible scheme, although probably it will be some time before such a university can be developed from the present University College of Southampton. But the really interesting thing about the project is that a Thomas Hardy Chair of English Literature is suggested for the university, and that this chair could immediately be established. An appeal for funds has been made by a strangely associated set of men — Dr. E. K. Chambers (one of the greatest authorities upon dramatic literature, if he is not absolutely the greatest in England); Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch (the popular novelist and professor of English at Cambridge); Sir Israel Gollancz (a wit, Shakespearian scholar, and member of more committees than

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I can count); Sir Frederic Kenyon; Sir Henry Newbolt; Horace Annesley Vachell (another novelist, and a dramatist); and the Duke of Wellington. All these in their way are able men, but literature is not very authoritatively represented upon the committee. However, this does not greatly matter, since the members are only appealing for funds. What interests me is the nature of the chair of literature. What will the professor be called upon to specialize in? The novel? That would be an unheard of thing in England. It is far more likely that he will be a specialist in poetry; and no doubt it would be this side of his genius that Mr. Hardy would most like to see honored. It seems to me to be a new departure for an English author to be given such a mark of respect in his lifetime, and I am glad of it.

* * * *

Another item of news which gives me the liveliest satisfaction is that Jane Austen's letters are to be re-edited and reissued, under the eye of R. W. Chapman. This is great news. I have long desired that the new edition of Jane Austen's letters might make its belated appearance. Of course, it is said that Jane Austen's letters are inferior, but that is simply untrue. They are excellent letters, full of the most delicious moments for the real reader of Jane Austen. Unfortunately, the original editor of the letters did not seem to appreciate them, and the word has been accepted (as such words always are accepted) ever since, without any effort at the formation of an individual judgment. Long ago, when I was dying — as it seemed — I wrote to E. V. Lucas saying that I should die happy if he would kindly produce a new edition of Jane Austen's letters. Mr. Lucas replied, very courteously, telling me that there could be no new edition owing to difficulties of copyright. At the same time, by the way, he urged me to read (and I hereby thank him for the advice, and pass it on to others who may benefit) the Journals of Fanny Kemble, which are fascinating, and which might be reprinted by some benefactor of the human race. And so no new edition of Jane Austen's letters appeared at that time, and no new edition has since appeared. Now, copyright difficulties have been overcome, and we are to have the book. Good luck to it!

* * * *

I learn that Anthony Hope has completed a new novel, called "Little Tiger", which will be published this autumn. It is the first since 1920, when "Lucinda", which I am ashamed to say I did not read, appeared. Since Anthony Hope is a good novelist, and since I can always read his older books, I look forward to reading this one. I am told it is in the vein which began with "Double Harness" and went on to "Mrs. Maxon Protests". Personally, this is not the vein in which I most delight; but since Sir Anthony does not seem to be likely to give us another "King's Mirror" or "Prisoner of Zenda", and since a problematical loaf is better than nothing at all, I am prepared to hail the new novel with at least a preliminary welcome, and to wish that it may stand comparison with the best of its author's non-romantic writing.

SIMON PURE

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GETTING INTO SIX FIGURES

By Arnold Patrick

VIII: HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

IT was years after I had read my first Harold Bell Wright novel that I met this most famous of best sellers, the man who, along with Zane Grey, is probably the only writer of stories for the millions whose works are read with almost equal eagerness by both men and women. I have seen him twice in the last few weeks. The first time, in a room filled with people, he seemed dignified, a trifle reserved, with the marks of the west in his appearance, and the softness of the east in his speech. The second time, informally, he became a person of great friendliness, of a rare sense of humor. He tells a story well, and laughs much. His bright, keen blue eyes twinkle constantly. He is a proud father, a gallant husband, and a conscientious workman. Many of the facts of his life must be gained from others; for he discusses his success and himself modestly, and would much prefer to talk of his sons or of the work of some friend of his among Carolina mountaineers or Arizona Indians.

He had come on to New York City to see his son perform at his graduation from the Academy of Dramatic Arts. Paul Wright, the middle son, will next year become a professional actor; by those who know, he is said to have great promise. Perhaps this ability is an inheritance from the days when his father preached from the pulpit and learned to be a novelist through the telling of vivid parables to his spell-bound audiences. The older Wright brother will next year teach in the University of California. He will teach mathematics; but he is interested, too, in athletics. The youngest boy is still in school.

"I asked Paul", Mr. Wright told me, "what he would like best to do for his last vacation. I gave him his choice completely. He could go to Europe, Maine, anywhere he chose." Young Mr. Wright chose to go back to Arizona with his father, and on a seventeen day pack trip explore some of the little known and wildest parts of his adopted state. The Wrights live in Tucson, Arizona, and come east only very rarely to renew old contacts. Mr. Wright became enthusiastic when he told of the proposed trip. They would go back presently to gather their outfit, then they would sally forth. It was an experience. It was a lark. There was also, back of this story, pride that the boy had chosen to spend his summer with his father and in this manner.

Yes, Harold Bell Wright is eminently successful. In terms of material success — the basis for this series of articles — he has achieved eminence. For his last story, "A Son of His Father", he received the greatest amount of money ever paid for a magazine serial. The figures of his book sales are stupendous. Yet his chief pride is that he has succeeded in reaching the great audience to which he

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wanted to talk, to which he wished to impart his ideals of life. This ability to gain the public ear is the real secret of his success: this, and the fact that he tells a story in simple, flowing English. If you read his new novel, as I have read it, you will find that it is an excellent tale, developed logically and dramatically, filled with characters that, while intensely human, represent vital types in life. His men and women are more than men and women, they are symbols in a parable, or an allegory if you will. They leave us with a freshened realization of simple truths of which we are conscious, yet of which we like to be reminded. But like the perfect sermon, they never become preachy to the point of spoiling the rapid progression of an exciting story. Harold Bell Wright is the great evangelist novelist. He hits straight from the shoulder, though. He does not affect the clerical vestments. He has learned the way to use the dramatic illustration of a point with something like perfection. As he talked to me the other afternoon, he illustrated his points with simile and with anecdote. There is one other point in considering his work. He knows how to paint pictures. Like Joseph Lincoln and others of the popular writers, he learned to draw before he turned to writing as an expression.

The story of his life is one of romantic episodes resulting from brave and determined struggling. He remembers when he wrote his first story as vividly as he remembers his mother's early training. I shall never forget the amusement of his look, mixed with eager remembrance, as he told me of that first effort, and of how it came to him.

Although he has lived most of his life in the west, Mr. Wright was born in Rome, New York. It is to his mother's love of pictures, of the out of doors, of beautiful and gentle things, that he ascribes his desire to create. She gave him books to read, among them "Hiawatha", which was his favorite, and still is. He saw in it a series of pictures, and he wanted to paint them. When he was left alone in the world, at ten, it was to painting that he looked for a livelihood, although he was grocer boy, quarry and factory hand, when other means of earning bread failed.

He liked to paint landscapes; but he found other forms of decorating more profitable.

"I suppose you don't remember the delivery wagons with all sorts of curlicues and landscapes on them", he said. "Well, I used to paint those."

After a time he was earning a good salary at his profession, and he hired a man to teach him academic subjects in the evenings. He studied hard and accomplished much. Presently he found that he was indulging in fancies of the sort that could not be called strictly lessons. Yet his tutor encouraged him to put them on paper. Even now, he admits, he writes these things for his own amusement. He is always writing for his own pleasure, quite apart from his novels.

"The novels are business", he says, but with a smile, which means that they are really a great deal more to him than that.

His first real story was written when he was a student at Hiram, Ohio, earning his way through college by his landscape painting.

"I was sitting one night at my desk", he told me. "My inkwell was one of the old fashioned kind, with two parts. The desk light shone across it, and as I looked at it I seemed to see a skull. It startled me. Then I looked again, and it was a perfect little skull which

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the rays of the light formed in the ink."

From this image he gained the idea of a fantasy. He wrote it. He told how the skull took form and came out of the inkwell. Then a new idea came to him. The skull would become a skeleton. It would hover over the student and talk with him. It would discuss various problems of life and death. He wrote a sort of Socratic dialogue between the skull and the young student. A religious paper rejected it, but later published some of his work.

He then gave up putting his daydreams into words and turned to the business of preaching and administering to congregations in various communities. He learned to know simple devout souls, and those with the roughness of mining camp and mountain. He learned to talk to them all. In Pierce City, Missouri, in Pittsburg, Kansas, in Kansas City and elsewhere, he preached and did the exhausting work of a minister of souls. He has no feeling that he was "called to the ministry". It was simply the best way he knew of getting to know people and of administering to their needs. His religion in a democratic one.

Those who knew Wright in those early ministerial days tell of him as one of the most inspiring religious leaders they have ever seen. He knew men and talked to them as men. He was never afraid to attack a wrong, and to pursue the attack until he conquered, in spite of the enemies he made. His friends, however, were stronger than his enemies.

"That Printer of Udell's", his first novel, was written in Pittsburg, Kansas. In it were many characters he had known, some of whom, according to local information, are still alive. It was not intended for publication; but as a sort of serial sermon, to be read from the pulpit. He showed it to friends, however, and they persuaded him to publish. Mr. Wright had never been strong, and the work of getting his manuscript ready for the printers and carrying on the duties of his parish was too much for him. He retired to the Ozarks, and commenced work on "The Shepherd of the Hills". It was this book that carried him and his message far and wide over the world, and made him the preacher to many millions more than the dozen or so millions who have actually purchased his books. It was then he realized that by retiring from the ministry he would be able to reach this public as he never could if he attempted to write and fill a pulpit at the same time.

Following "The Shepherd of the Hills", he wrote five successful books which found an ever growing public; but his struggles with life were not over. He had been married and his boys were growing up. He had moved to southern California. Here a terrific accident, in which an automobile crashed into him while he was riding a horse, aggravated an early lung weakness. His doctors told him that he had developed an active case of tuberculosis.

The story of his recovery to health, he told himself with force and dignity in "The American Magazine" for June, 1924. He lived in a tent in Arizona. He wrote, there, "When a Man's a Man", which he expected to be his last book. He wrote it because he knew it would mean a source of support for his family. He recovered — and completely. You have only to see him today to know how sturdy he is. He looks forty odd, and he is more than that in years.

I should like to quote two sections

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from this article: the first, because it not only shows something of how Wright spent his time during this trying period, but also tells of his love for animals. (His friends who visit him in the west tell much of his odd pets, which vary from horses to lizards.) The second, because it shows his attitude toward a circumstance of his life about which he is particularly reticent but which, nevertheless, teaches a lesson as great as any contained in his novels.

> Oh yes, indeed, there were blue spots, too. There were days and nights of such despondency and loneliness that I would almost have given my soul for someone just to "stand by".
>
> But on the whole I was happy. After all, I was not alone, with only those who were paid to stay with me, and who looked upon their jobs as a penalty. The country about my camp was filled with creatures who were intensely interested in my situation: wild burros, deer, coyotes, mountain lions, foxes, peccaries, and many kinds of birds. There was not an hour of the day or night when some living thing was not taking notice of me. And were we not all alike trying to live?
>
> I am not a physician. For me to give anything like medical advice would be an impertinence. I have here told only what I did. My case may be different from yours. Different cases must certainly call for different treatment. Perhaps sunshine, even taken in broken doses as I took it, would not do for you. But I am quite sure that some of the things which helped me will help anyone.
>
> And so I say: The first thing you must do is to *face the facts*. Get your trouble out into the open and look at it squarely. Do not deceive yourself. Do not permit others to deceive you. Show your doctor that he can trust you with the truth.

Recovered, he turned again to writing, with even more vigor than before.

How does he write?

In the first place, he publishes only once every two years. He believes that his best work can be done slowly and he believes, also, that his public prefers to hear from him at these intervals. This may be a superstition of his. At any rate, the fact that his sales continue undiminished not only on his new work, but on his old, seems to prove the psychological wisdom of his own and his publishers' methods.

Months of research and thought go into the preparation for actual writing. He is meticulous in his demands on himself for accuracy of detail. He first decides on the idea which he shall attempt to convey through his story, the theme of his parable. If his setting requires a knowledge he does not possess, he goes to outlying district or to factory or to experts to ascertain the facts. He then creates a set of characters. They become real to him, and he moves them into his setting and theme. The characters, he says, develop the plot. Incident builds to incident, and he watches carefully to build thematic, character, and plot climaxes.

After this outline is completed, he sits down to write a first draft that bears little relation to those that follow. He allows himself, often, to overdevelop many incidents. His first manuscript is then arranged in loose leaf form. This he goes over time and time again. Few of the incidents in a Wright novel are products of sheer imagination. He takes incidents from actual life; for he insists that such incidents can be highly dramatic, even melodramatic, and still be factual. When he has satisfied his own conscience in regard to a script, he submits it to friends and experts, to be sure that all is correct. It is only then that he is ready for publication.

This is hard work. It is conscientious work. Its results are well known, and are justified. In his quiet study looking out over the desert at Tucson, with his family, his horses, his simple routine of life, Harold Bell Wright

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conceives and executes these modern parables of his. They succeed, I think, first because they embody the simple philosophies and aspirations of the ordinary man — and by the ordinary man I mean every man, when he is free of the shell of sophistication, thick or thin, with which he is encased. Then, they succeed because they are written by a man who has taught himself by hard work to construct them so that they will succeed; and because the purpose behind them is so strong that it has not allowed him carelessness, has forced him to learn constantly, and to improve as constantly. There is no question that, while his method has not changed essentially, his latest novel is far better written than his first. Harold Bell Wright's novels are the product of intuitive understanding of the human heart, tempered by intimate contact with all types and a stern conscience in the making. He is the sort of man who does his job as sincerely and as thoroughly as he can — and this earnestness no fellow man can fail to admire.

TWO POEMS

By Ruth Lambert Jones

OPEN SESAME

(To F. K.)

HE who has a violin
Has life itself
Within four strings;
Desire, despair,
Hope and desire.
He who has a violin
Has wings.

TO ONE, SINGING

YOU are the moth, you are the fire,
You are the wings of vast desire;
With dusk and dawning, wind and sun,
With reed and river, you are one.

Vibrant as steel, and trumpet-strong,
Must it so surely pass, your song,
Leaving you man who has but cried
Of all man's dreams unsatisfied?

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OUR FICTIONAL COUNTERPARTS

By June E. Downey

IF you like to read people — and who doesn't? — here's an experiment that should be quite to your taste. Ask a score or so of readers of books to tell you what they think, say of Mabel and Mark Sabre of "If Winter Comes"; of Doctor Kennicott and Carol of "Main Street"; of Babbitt; of Alice and Priam Farll of Bennett's "Buried Alive"; of Melville Stoner of Sherwood Anderson's "Out of Nowhere into Nothing", or Hugh McVey in his "Poor White".

"If Winter Comes" arouses such violent feelings of antipathy or admiration that it's an excellent book to try readers out on. Do they think Mark wears a halo or a foolscap? Are they impatient at Mabel or sorry for her? Whichever it is, they are giving you an intimate revelation of themselves.

"But revelations of what sort?" you ask. Is it ourselves we like in liking others? Or just the reverse? Do we prefer them different?

If indeed we knew just why we like people in books or out of them, could explain why we fall in love — or hate — with no regard to emotional speed limits, we should be far advanced on the road to self knowledge and ready to take our doctor's degree in personality.

The failure of Mark and Mabel in their matrimonial venture has been explained — but I think not adequately — by calling attention to the wide divergence between them temperamentally. Mark — it has been said — was an "introvert"; Mabel, an "extrovert", an explanation which although unsatisfactory will serve to introduce us to one of the famous distinctions of today, a distinction which is well worth study if we would understand people.

Extrovert and introvert made He them, but with many subvarieties. The extrovert wears his soul inside out and the introvert his outside in. Therefore, the former is not hard to understand, he's *en rapport* with external reality; quick to sense life's conventionalities and fashions, its duties and romances, for his eyes devour the multicolored posters in the marketplace. But the introvert looks inward, fascinated by the curious lights and shadows that flit across the silver screen of consciousness. The introvert is gauche, maladroit; at the banquet of life he makes inexcusable blunders with salad forks and coffee spoons.

The extrovert expresses his emotions spontaneously and effectively. He is sociable and almost certain to undergo the typical human experiences — love, marriage, and parenthood. He gets into quick *rapport* with the crowd (witness that famous extrovert, Lloyd George); he may become the famous preacher, Billy Sunday, or the infamous adventurer.

The introvert cannot express his emotions easily; their very intensity renders him powerless; when they break through the crust of reserve it is as a volcanic eruption creating havoc and desolation. His loves lead him often into the desert instead of the garden.

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He baffles the crowd. But just because he is the man of mystery, the priest officiating at the altar behind the veil or the magician casting spells in the sacred wigwam, he may become a powerful leader. And if he adopt a practical purpose, concentrate on leading his people through the wilderness, he is the safest leader of all, for his distrust of things, his incapacity to adjust to reality quickly, has compelled him to face each danger far in advance, and to discount the disasters lurking in each crisis by preparing for it long before it arrives.

Moses and Aaron may serve us as exemplars of the great introvert and the great extrovert — the one slow of tongue, seeing God in the burning bush that was consumed not; the other eloquent of speech and magnificent in purple robe adorned with golden bells and scarlet pomegranates. Said the Lord to Moses, "He shall be to thee a mouth, and thou shalt be to him as God."

Now the clever fictionist knows intuitively the secrets of personality which the psychologists — those nutcrackers of the soul — discover so slowly. Arnold Bennett in his "Buried Alive" has given us the pure comedy of unalloyed introversion and extroversion. Most of us, by the way, are ambiverts — that is, extroverted while buying a bonnet or automobile and introverted, let us hope, while saying our prayers! Priam Farll of Bennett's delicious story is a deep dyed introvert, a famous painter so wrapped up in his art that face to face with life he is panicky, shy to the point of absurdity, placing between himself and life a common sense valet. One dreary night, on a flying trip to London, this valet sickens and dies with disconcerting and inconsiderate suddenness. When the attending physician assumes that the helpless, tongue tied man in charge of affairs is the servant and that the dead man was the famous painter, the real Farll is much too shy to correct the misconception. News of the death of a celebrity gets abroad; a solemn interment of the valet in Westminster follows. Farll attends his own funeral, reads with interest his obituaries, and finds it something of a relief to be dead. But he misses acutely the man who stood between him and the world until Alice — pure extrovert, practical comfortable housewife — marries him out of hand and takes such good care of him that he finds himself painting masterpieces again, a diversion she encourages since it keeps him so quiet and contented. But you must read the story yourself if you would realize how expedient a thing it is to have an extrovert around, when questions as to who you actually are begin to trouble courts and the wife and son of the dead man whom you are supposed to be and — aren't.

The mating of an extroverted woman and an introverted man of artistic or philosophical preoccupation is a happy chance, as novelists and life both teach us. She makes no effort to understand him and serves as a convenient buffer between him and the world. Her emotion flows out toward him as simply as toward a child and she tortures herself with no subtilties.

The reverse situation, an introverted wife and a practical extroverted husband, gives us on the fictional level Carol Kennicott and her Doctor, a combination not quite successful. A woman introvert very rarely finds the form of expression that might serve her as a safety valve, hence her capacity for creating disturbances in her domestic environment.

There is, indeed, one type of introvert who is difficult in any combination,

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the emotional introvert (man or woman) who seeks to realize in this mundane sphere the Heavenly Romance. He falls in love with no flesh and blood maiden but with a creature of his own imagination, a moon maiden whose image he projects upon some woman who strays across his path at the right moment. Tragedies lurk in these curious projections of the introvert, who seeks the light that never was on land or sea. What woman could live up to Shelley's imagination? Certainly not Harriet, nor Cornelia, nor Mary, nor Emilia, nor Maria, nor Jane. "Epipsychidion" — sublimated love poem of a sublimated soul — alas, poor Shelley! And alas poor Harriet and Mary and Maria and Emilia! The Shelleyan type of introvert never marries his beloved, however many times he seeks the altar, and all his children are changelings.

It is evident that, on the whole, and apart from loving — for one may love where he doesn't understand or even like — introvert and extrovert eye one another askance. The extrovert is to the introvert an object of amazement — and it may be of admiration. The insouciance with which the former makes love or loses his temper or buys bonds or bonbons or bluffs a jury or a tragic destiny is a perpetual mystery to the latter.

To the extrovert the introvert is an object of impatient speculation — and sometimes of amusement. What in thunder will the absurd fellow do next? Why not once in an eternity do the sensible obvious thing? Of what value to possess every sense but common sense?

Actually we like our friends, in books and out of them, for various reasons. We may enjoy seeing ourselves in them as in a mirror, to be assured of comradeship in our conformity to society or in our eccentricity; or we may choose our opposite as a companion. Each of us — we are told — is dogged by a shadowy unconscious self who plays extrovert to our introvert and introvert to our extrovert. Babbitt — the roaring Babbitt — found his heart's brother in a strange and silent man who kept alive for him something of faith in the poetry of youth and far off ideals. Only, perhaps, when we live too rigidly in the inner or outer world do these strange passions for the opposite type develop. Ordinarily we prefer to feel at home, and suffer from a curious nostalgia of the spirit when introduced in a book or a parlor to those temperamentally alien to ourselves.

This is the reason why so many readers feel uneasy among Sherwood Anderson's introverted people. The myopic men and women who walk with eyes averted through the pages of "The Triumph of the Egg" affect them as beings from another world than that of shouting, gesticulating, prosperous America. And they are! Stray spirits from invisible realms, self created.

Melville Stoner of "Out of Nowhere into Nothing" completely baffles the extrovert, who condemns him impatiently as repulsive, a useless recluse, unreal — a dream character. But the introverted reader who cherishes hidden sensitivities and cloistered thoughts actually likes this old bachelor, so utterly futile and yet so uncannily aware of the secret springs of life, so extraordinarily penetrating of vision.

Hugh McVey of "Poor White", an introvert of the imaginative type, an impractical inventor, is rescued from himself and exploited by a shrewd worldly promoter; he is saved from emotional starvation also by an accidentally acquired wife of considerable common sense. McVey does not make friends, his friends make him! He is a

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delightful acquaintance for the introverted reader. And somehow he appeals to the extroverted readers also. They tell me they excuse his weaknesses because of the unfortunate environment of his childhood!

Another motive that drives us in our search for literary and for flesh and blood friends is our pursuit of laughter. The chuckle with which we sense incongruity leads us to forgive both our own absurdities and the idiosyncrasies of others. My laughter at Priam Farll bubbles from deep wells of memory. He is positively the only individual of my acquaintance who can be trusted to do as fantastic things as myself — when unexpectedly confronted by a strange situation. My matter-of-fact friend also laughs at Priam — but with a difference, a very great difference. It is Priam, and other geniuses of his ilk, who quite reconcile my friend to being just plain normal and no clown.

The young mayor of Ourtown tells me Babbitt's a good fellow in spite of the fun poked at him. "I laugh at myself in him", says the Mayor. "I've heard myself make his very speeches! But what would the world be without Babbitt, who makes the wheels go round?"

So say many Babbitt-men, and some of them get hot under the collar suspecting heresies on the part of Babbitt's creator; they conjecture that Lewis's book royalties go for automobiles and country houses and oriental rugs just as do the oil royalties of prosperous business men. I've often wondered about that myself, just as I've wondered how Mencken could reconcile himself to becoming popular.

If, in fact, one could accurately gauge the meaning of the popularity of the present day satires on American manners, mob spirit, stereotyped outlook, one would be at the point of understanding the American spirit. Is it because the satirists of American life have not interpreted their public quite correctly that so many laugh with them? Is their great success best proof of their failure as interpreters of the *Zeitgeist?*

But to return to Mark and Mabel Sabre and their admirers or detractors. "How can one help sympathizing with Mabel?" one imagines Emmy Blanchard of Swinnerton's "Nocturne" exclaiming. "Who wouldn't find the incalculable Mark hard to live with?"

Mark is indeed a curious character, an odd combination of introvert and extrovert that not many men can fathom — and therefore understand. On the one hand he is an emotional extrovert. He identifies himself so readily with different persons in his environment, takes on their sorrows, their perplexities so swiftly, with such utter lack of self reference, that he seems unanchored, adrift. But his thought life is introverted, out of touch with social conventionalities and readymade philosophies and creeds. With such an inner conflict in his makeup, little wonder that a neat, compact, outwardly oriented person like Mabel — and many a reader — should fail to understand him. In "Lummox", Fannie Hurst has created another masterpiece of the loving heart, quick to identify itself with the myriad beings of the world, but alien in thought and unexpressive.

On the screen, Mark becomes more readily understandable. I believe this is due in part to the fact that the conflict in his temperament cannot be filmed and that in the movies he becomes a pure emotional extrovert — a human variety that makes wide appeal, so simply loving and devoted is it. But note this: to the sensuous extrovert who feeds on the external world of

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things, such devotion is unthinkable, not quite human. So one sees there are extroverts — and extroverts. Mabel was one of the other sort.

As a final test of yourself, determine which heaven you would prefer to go to, the heaven of the extrovert or that of the introvert. Wells and Shaw have lately portrayed them for us. One closes Wells's "Men Like Gods" with a vision of gloriously developed men and women walking vigorously in a beautiful world of flowering terraces and golden mountain spaces.

As for the choice of a hell — if one may speak of a choice in a matter so delicate — that of the extrovert would seem far the more desirable, for he is reduced to clean ashes by flame and whirlwind. But the introvert knows the fire that, consuming not, bites forever at the shrinking flesh. It is this latter hell that is lived in by Claude Fisher — subject of Cyril Hume's penetrating analysis in "Cruel Fellowship" — the hell of inadequacy, of self distrust, of dreams unfulfilled. "Fisher was a creature of dreams", says the commentator. "He had no defence against reality." And, again, "There is no defence against dreams."

Shaw's "Back to Methuselah" hints at the superbeings that are to walk in solitude on high barren mountain tops in the day when the spirit comes of age. He-Ancient and She-Ancient, he calls them: "equally bald and equally without sexual charm but intensely interesting and rather terrifying".

Says the He-Ancient, "For whilst we are tied to this tyrannous body we are subject to its death, and our destiny is not achieved."

Says the She-Ancient, "The day will come when there will be no people, only thought."

What, I wonder, will that thought be like? Preoccupied with the wonders of a universe of objects or lost in contemplation of itself?

FOOD

By Elizabeth Leitzbach

YOU asked for bread —
I've nothing but stone.
My heart had dread
Of living alone.
Honey from the jar,
Loaves of flaky white,
I gave to strangers going far
Who stayed but overnight.
What harm is there, I said,
In feeding others well,
Neighbors do not ask for bread —
Oh, how was I to tell?

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THE NEW YORKER

Manhattan a Foreign Country — The Lunatic Fringe of Contemporary Literature — A New Audience for Books and Plays — The Theatre Guild Kindergarten Covers Itself with Glory — Prospects of the Coming Season — Two of Our Younger Writers Deliver the Goods

EVERY two or three months we become aware of the isolation of New York City from the rest of the country. There are scores of evidences on every side, but one is likely to overlook them, especially if one becomes submerged for a time in a circle of friends whose entire existence is bounded by the arts. Such submersion is an easy temptation for a writer or an artist and it is a dangerous one, for in the end his life is likely to become simply an endless discussion of his own and other people's work. Proportion and perspective disappear, lost usually in a cloud of bickerings and jealousies over this or that method, this or that writer. New York, toward which all ambitious young men and women turn their faces, is in some respects (excluding the usual banal differences) a foreign country.

All this occurs to us in connection with a talk we made not long ago in a large New England city before an audience of more than five hundred men and women who were enough interested in books to fill a small hall to overflowing on a very hot day. It happened that we chose to speak on a group of writers who are not in the grand tradition of the novel — such men and women as Aldous Huxley, Virginia Woolf, Dorothy Richardson, E. M. Forster, Carl Van Vechten, the Sitwells, and a dozen or so others. It is reasonable to suppose that even in an audience of book lovers the Sitwell family and Dorothy Richardson might be unknown, but it came as a shock to be asked about Huxley and Mrs. Woolf and Mr. Forster (whose "Passage to India", praise God! has sold more than 40,000 copies) as though they were new writers of whom nothing was known. For some time past we had thought of them with almost the same familiarity as Bennett, Wells, and Galsworthy. And here, to many in this audience, they had never been heard of; they were new names. We were even more astounded to read in the newspaper on the following day that we had discussed "The Lunatic Fringe of Contemporary Literature".

On thinking the matter over, it occurred to us that the mistake was our own. Perhaps they were right. Perhaps the men and women who seem commonplace enough in the world of publishing and writing are after all "a lunatic fringe" so far as the general public is concerned; for the general public, it must be remembered (even the public which considers itself discriminating), is not always hungry for caviar. It wants rather the novels written upon some good, homely theme, filled with sentiment and high ideals — such books as "So Big". We do not make this statement in any derogatory sense; most of the greatest novels in the classic tradition are bounded by just these specifications. It is simply that the two publics — the general and the limited — are different,

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a fact which becomes each day more apparent in the world of publishing.

The centre of that group which has made Mr. Forster at last a best selling author has, very likely, not much relation to the public which made of "So Big" an immense success. The limited public is one which feeds perhaps on inside information. It has, one might say, no reading morality; it is neither honestly shocked nor dishonestly given to gloating over what might be called by the larger public "an improper book". It has an admiration for subtlety, for wit, for mockery. It is, in short, a sophisticated (oh, abominable word!) audience and one that is a little weary. It is the audience which supports "the lunatic fringe", the audience which buys "Serena Blandish", "The Tattooed Countess", "Mrs. Dalloway", "A Passage to India", "Those Barren Leaves", "Antic Hay", and "Triple Fugue". It is an audience which less than fifteen years ago had no existence in this country; for one cannot include those who admired the sickly, obvious naughtiness of the Yellow Nineties. This new audience has no relation to the one which thought it rakish to admire Oscar Wilde; the inheritors of that period have gone over body and soul to Michael Arlen. This new audience has a Gallic and an eighteenth century flavor. There is money to be made out of it, and the publishers have come to recognize the fact. It is an audience within an audience, whose steady increase augurs well for the intelligence of America. But at the moment, it seems to us that it is essentially foreign, with its roots embedded deeply in Manhattan Island.

Since the only scheduled theatrical enterprises of interest — the "Scandals" and the new "Grand Street Follies" — did not open until after the time of going to press, it is possible to discuss only the "Garrick Gaieties", a sort of kindergarten revue staged and peopled by the younger actors and actresses associated with the amazingly successful Theatre Guild. Surely this organization has set a new record for shrewdness. For skill in picking material and staging it, the Guild leaves the Broadway managers far in the rear. In the "Garrick Gaieties" there is virtually no talent with a Broadway reputation, yet it is surely one of the most entertaining of productions — one which recalls the "Charlot Revue". Without exception, the burlesques (which include "They Knew What They Wanted", "Fata Morgana", and "The Guardsman") were uproariously amusing. A young woman named Edith Meiser covered herself with glory in a variety of performances ranging from an excellent imitative caricature of Lynn Fontanne to the singing of a song called "An Old Fashioned Girl", in which she appeared as a Gibson girl with a flowing pompadour. Peggy Conway's imitation of Pauline Lord was one of those performances which are perfection; it was impossible to believe that we were not seeing Miss Lord and hearing her remarkable, husky voice repeating again and again, "I think . . . I think I'll sit down." And Sterling Holloway's performance as Emily Stevens had the quality of a caricature by Covarrubias, who himself contributed a brilliant setting for a Mexican scene. One might go on and on listing these young players and admiring their talents. . . . House Jameson, Hildegarde Halliday, June Cochrane, Philip Loeb, Romney Brent, James Norris, and the others who provided an eveing which was fresh and amusing amid the bare legs of Broadway's Glorified American Girls.

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The Guild has announced for the coming season a repertory of Shaw plays of which the first will be "Arms and the Man" with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt and, undoubtedly, the never failing Helen Westley, as well as Pirandello's "Right You Are if You Think So", Allan Monkhouse's "The Conquering Hero", "M. Bretonneau" by what was once the world's most unflagging team of farceurs — de Flers and de Caillavet, "At Mrs. Beams" by C. K. Munro, "The Lonely Way" by Arthur Schnitzler, and a revival of the grand old Strauss opera "Die Fledermaus".

Otherwise the theatre brought only the usual round of mongrel summer productions cast before the public in the forlorn hope that one of them might catch on. Of the lot one trick play, built upon lines of classic hokum and called "The Gorilla", blossomed into a success which shows signs of rivaling the historic run of "The Bat". As to the others, the pulses seem affected by low blood pressure, but it is always possible that one of them may suddenly turn into an everblooming "Abie's Irish Rose" (which has just passed something like its one millionth performance).

The galleries remain closed and the music is confined principally to open air concerts which lay great stress upon the "Leonore" overture, the "Symphony Pathétique", the march from "Aïda", and similar well known war horses.

Last month we mentioned "Mrs. Dalloway", an excellent novel written in a brilliant new manner; since then we have read the same author's book of essays called "The Common Reader" and we can recommend it to anyone interested in the business of writing, as one of the most dazzling performances of a mind which for clarity and critical penetration has no superior in contemporary Anglo-Saxon letters.

Rumors circulating in the world of books, the theatre, and music seem to forecast a season which may well surpass the one just ended. Certainly in the theatre it would not be difficult. Within a month or two the new books, the new plays, and the new music will begin to appear. It remains to be seen whether the promise will be fulfilled.

It is not possible to close without mentioning two of the newer books which should give satisfaction to those interested in the future of American writing. One is "The Great Gatsby", in which Scott Fitzgerald, over whom there had been much headshaking among our more sober reviewers, emerges as a fine, objective novelist freed of the excesses of youth. The gaudy world which he chose as his specialty and which in his earlier books seemed to him so delectable, has been left behind somewhere in the middle distance; in this new book Mr. Fitzgerald sees it with a fine sense of proportion. The flappers are growing middle aged and the spectacle is not a pretty one. The other book is "Cruel Fellowship" by Cyril Hume, who chose a difficult subject which, save for a few sophomoric touches and a tendency toward a style that resembles a steam shovel at work on a sandbank of colorful words, is admirably done. Out of the chaos of "Wife of the Centaur" Mr. Hume seems to be emerging brilliantly. Good first novels essentially autobiographical in character are frequent enough; it is the second and the third which are the acid tests.

LOUIS BROMFIELD

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SONGS OF MANY WATERS

By Mable Holmes Parsons

I STAND still as a cedar by the river.
The river's eyes are far-flashing.
The river's ears are long.
I harken to the talking of its bosom.
The river sees,
The river hears,
The river tells. . . .

It sees the tall-eared doe,
suckling her young.
It sees the young buck,
listening.
It hears the lippings of lovers.
It hears the cracklings of hunters.
It hears the death song of fires.
It hears the tears — of does. . . .

The river sees,
The river hears,
The river tells. . . .

§

O MY beloved,
O my hunter,
The forest sees with a thousand eyes.
The forest speaks with a thousand lips.
The forest stirs with a thousand steps.

O my beloved,
O my hunter,
Be as the body of the fir.
The body of the fir is quiet in the wind.
The body of the fir has many ears. . . .
Your silence shall deceive the foe
who listens for your feet. . . .

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KATHERINE MANSFIELD'S QUEST

By Grace Z. Brown

RECENTLY a Sydney magazine sent to fifty savants of England and America the question: "What name first occurs to your mind when Australia is mentioned?"

If this inquiry were a general one, made with regard to that other antipodean country, New Zealand, surely the name of the late Katherine Mansfield would be the first to flash upon the screen of most minds. For no other writer born under the Southern Cross, and only a few of this generation, have portrayed such microscopic observation or attained such lucidity of expression in short story writing. She paints whimsicalness and pathos on her word canvas as no other contemporary artist has done. She affords us glimpses of life with a depth of insight which reveals us to ourselves. In just a few years her fame has extended to every part of the literary world. She is called a genius. It seems too hackneyed a word for her. Perhaps she wore the ring of Gyges. John Galsworthy said, "She could reach deep and bring before us the in-between places and things and thoughts."

Her published photographs reflect a face which has an intermingling of beauty and intelligence. One remembers best the eyes, which mirror humor, understanding, and a shadowy suggestion of suffering; and senses that a disquieting aloofness was the essence of her fascination.

Since first I knew her stories the name of Katherine Mansfield has been like a golden bell in my heart. And London has been distinguished in my mind because of her preference for it. My eagerness to contact with someone who had known her and to visit a place where she had once lived made the trip to this Fog Town on the Thames take on a new color.

It was mid-afternoon when I ambled into Acacia Road, which is far beyond Regents Park. It is a smug street which clings to the traditions of old Britain. Every house has its front garden which is not meant for the pleasure of passersby, as the stone walls or hedges will mutely tell you. Number Five looked foreboding, but I tingled the gate bell. No one answered. I ventured within, and cast an exploring glance at the indifferent garden. I timidly climbed the many steps of the grey stone house, thinking how Katherine Mansfield probably took them two at a time.

A middle aged lady with a smile and accent answered the knocker. Her face lighted when I told her my errand and she shepherded me into the first room to the right of the gloomy hall. It had the appearance of a literary workshop. A long table with typewriter for decoration. Barren walls. Chairs not meant for comfort. An archaic fireplace added dignity to the room, but alas it was not lighted. Influenza and rheumatism seemed to hover in the background of that damp house.

My hostess, a Russian, gave me excellent tea with conversation to match. I punctuated the sipping with

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questions. She told me with the slow precision which marks all educated foreigners: "My husband is also a writer. When we first came from Russia in 1919 he rented this house from Miss Mansfield and her husband John Middleton Murry."

"Do tell me how she looked."

Madame took another sip before she continued: "She had a lithe and graceful figure. Her dark hair was bobbed with a straight bang which emphasized the whiteness of her skin and darkness of her eyes. She was bewitchingly lovely."

"And her eyes?" I interrupted.

"Black ones, lustrous with wisdom. Oh, she had an exquisite personality. And it is singular how you felt her divine flair or psychic quality, which is perhaps a better name."

She dropped another lump of sugar into the deep glass and went on:

"Everyone loved her, from celebrities to the post boy. She was fond of this house and expected to make it a permanent home, but London climate was too cruel for her — she had one cold after another, and was finally compelled to seek the kinder climate of southern France."

On my way out I glimpsed the bathroom at the end of the hall. A tin tub! A granite wash bowl balanced on a three legged stool! I wished to visualize her with sunken marble baths and sunshine filtering through flowering patios. Of course, England is England — but I was sorry I had seen that wash basin.

At the time of her passing Katherine Mansfield had been married to John Middleton Murry, a famed English critic, for ten years. Mr. Murry is now editor of "The Adelphi" in London, in which he has printed some of her stories. From Mr. Murry I learned that . . .

Her ancestors, the Beauchamps, had been in Australia and New Zealand for three generations. Katherine Beauchamp, the third daughter in a family of five children, was born in Wellington, New Zealand, October 14, 1888. Her childhood was passed in Karori, a small place about ten miles from Wellington, where the village school was the only one, and where she shared what education there was with the milk-boy and the washwoman's daughter (see "The Doll's House"). When only nine years old, she won the first prize for composition at the school, the subject being "A Sea Voyage".

Her father sent her, at the age of thirteen, to Queens College, Harley Street, London, where she studied for five years. There she edited the school magazine. Like other young people of her generation, she found the beginnings of intellectual freedom through the admiration of Oscar Wilde and the English "decadents". At this time her affection shifted from literature to music. She became a devotee of the violoncello and a fine executant.

Her father now insisted that she return home, which she finally did much against her wishes. The following two years she passed in constant rebellion against what she then considered the narrowness and provincialism of a remote colonial city. London, to her mind, was the living centre of all artistic and intellectual life. To add to her tragedy, a family of musicians whom she knew intimately in Wellington, and who had been an oasis in a desert of intellectual sterility, left New Zealand for London. After their departure she was in despair. She went on a rough camping expedition through the New Zealand bush and on her return succeeded in persuading her father to allow her to return to London, on a small allowance.

Back in the city, she abandoned the

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'cello and again directed all her energy toward writing. She submitted manuscripts to editors in vain; and, to add to her allowance, she had varied and exacting experiences in traveling opera companies. But all the time, out of the theatre and in her little dressing room between curtains, she studied and wrote.

In 1909 the quality of her writing was recognized by the editor of "The New Age" and for two years she was a constant contributor to that paper. Though she received no money for this work, she was content with having found a place to publish. A series of stories she wrote for this magazine, based upon her experiences while convalescent after an illness in Germany, was collected and published in 1911, under the title "In a German Pension". This book was instantly recognized and passed quickly into three editions, when its sales were interrupted by the sudden bankruptcy of her publisher. For this book she received fifteen pounds in advance of royalties, of which, of course, there were none. (Last summer I cruised around for hours in various parts of New York looking for "In a German Pension". I finally located one in the lower part of town, but I am still without a copy, for the Pirate demanded forty dollars for it.)

In December, 1911, she met Mr. Murry at the home of W. L. George. He, who two years later became her husband, was then an Oxford undergraduate, and in conjunction with Michael Sadleir was editing a monthly literary magazine, "Rhythm". Katherine Mansfield began to write stories regularly for this. Her first one, "The Woman at the Store", caused a minor sensation. When Sadleir exited from the magazine she became coeditor. After this magazine died at the end of 1913, she had nowhere to place her work. Her beautiful tale, "Something Childish but Very Natural", which she wrote in Paris in December, 1913, was refused by every editor to whom she submitted it. No home could be found for her stories until the winter of 1915, when she, D. H. Lawrence, and Mr. Murry ran for three numbers a little magazine, "The Signature". Upon its expiration she was again without a home for her writing.

In 1917 Mr. Murry and his brother had her "Prelude" and "Je ne parle pas Français" published as a little blue paper book for private circulation. During the next year "Bliss" was published in "The English Review", also "Pictures" and "The Man without a Temperament" in "Art and Letters".

"Prelude" marks the beginning of a final phase in her development. The war had come as a profound spiritual shock to her, as indeed to many less gifted writers of her generation. For a long period the chaos into which her thoughts, ideals, and purposes had been flung, remained unsolved. Then slowly her mind began to turn back toward her early childhood as a life which had existed apart from, and uncontaminated by, the mechanical civilization which had produced the war.

The critical moment came at the end of 1915 when her dearly loved younger brother arrived in England to serve as an officer. Her meeting with him formed a point around which her changed attitude could crystallize. For hours they reminisced over their childhood. She definitely resolved to dedicate herself to recreating life as she had lived and felt it in New Zealand. Her brother's death, a month later, confirmed her purpose and she left England for Bandol, in the south of France, where she began to work on

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a lengthy story "The Aloe", which was published in a shorter and different form as "Prelude".

On its appearance as a blue paper volume, "Prelude" was barely recognized. Most of the newspapers would not criticize it at all: those which did saw nothing particular in it. But Katherine Mansfield had her moment when she heard that the local printer had exclaimed, on reading the manuscript: "Why these kids are real!" It was characteristic of her that she preferred the praise of simple, "unliterary" folks to that of critics. This trait became more marked when, after the publication of "Bliss and Other Stories", she received many letters from all manner of persons who loved her work and the child Kezia who appeared in it. She felt she had a responsibility to these friends. To them she must tell nothing but the truth. This preoccupation with truth, both in what she wrote and in herself that she might be worthy to tell it, became the devouring passion of her last years. She turned from modern literature: so little of contemporary work seemed to be true. "The writers are not humble", she used to say; "they are not serving the great purpose which literature exists to serve."

"Prelude" was scarcely more than a *succès d'estime*, if indeed it was that. It was not until its appearance as the first story in "Bliss" that its unique and profoundly original quality was truly appreciated.

Just after she had finished preparing the "Prelude" manuscript for the printer, in December, 1917, she suffered a serious attack of pleurisy. She left England, confident that she had only to visit her beloved Bandol to regain her health. The conditions of traveling in France during the last year of the war were so bad that the hardships she suffered on this journey, which she was forced to take alone, made her illness worse. To add to the horror, Bandol itself was utterly changed by the war. No sooner had she reached this place, ill and alone, than she passionately desired to return to London. But tragic misfortune made her efforts impossible. The authorities delayed for weeks before granting her permission, so that she arrived in Paris dangerously ill, on the very day the long range bombardment of Paris began and all civilian traffic between England and France was suspended. The hardships of her enforced stay in Paris caused her pleurisy to develop into tuberculosis.

She went to Looe in Cornwall for the summer of 1918 and returned to London that winter. In the spring of 1919 Mr. Murry became editor of "The Athenæum" and she began to write weekly reviews of novels over the initials K. M. These were instantly recognized as brilliant criticisms. Later, she wrote a story each month for the paper. Then for the first time publishers began to ask for a collection of her stories. And at the beginning of 1920, "Bliss", for which she received forty pounds in advance, appeared.

Once more she was driven from England's unfit climate. She passed the winter in Ospedaletti and Mentone, where she learned of the success of her book. She came to London again for the summer months but in September went back to Mentone. In the autumn of 1921 she completed "The Garden Party". It was published in the spring of 1922 while she was in Paris for a special medical treatment.

After the appearance of that book she was established and heralded as the most famous short story writer of her generation.

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However, writing had become for her an almost impossible struggle, not so much against disease as toward conviction that some work of an inward purification had to be accomplished before she could advance, before she could be worthy to express the complete truth which in her imagination she apprehended.

"The Canary", her last complete story, was done in July, 1922.

That autumn she abandoned writing and went into retirement at the Gurdjieff Institute ("Seekers After Truth"), Fontainebleau, where she was taken with a sudden hemorrhage on the night of January 9, 1923. In the communal cemetery of Avon, near Fontainebleau, Katherine Mansfield's burial place may be located by a tomb inscribed with her favorite lines from Shakespeare, which were spoken by Hotspur in "King Henry IV"—"But I tell you my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety."

The four books published in the States since her passing are: "Bliss", "The Garden Party", "The Doves' Nest", and "The Little Girl".

THE HOUND IN LEASH

By Lawrence Lee

A HOUND'S a hound despite all chains
That leash his limbs from speed;
And the smell of fox, like growing pains,
Troubles the yearlings of his breed.

The free hound goes where keen winds run;
The hound in leash lies still.
One hunts a course that's sometimes done,
But one speeds past the farthest hill.

The free hound gets the raw, rich meat,
And feels the friendly hand;
A leashed hound knows that hungry feet
Must press across a friendless land.

When free hounds take the fox of red
Their souls are satisfied;
But leashed hounds hunt a fox far sped
Through fields where huntsmen never ride.

The leashed hound runs till morning grey
Burns blue in the fires of noon;
He trails the last red scent of day,
Then harries out the silver moon.

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", complied by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Retail Bookseller", and THE BOOKMAN'S Monthly Score". Such books as the editor specially recommends are marked with a star.

VICTORY — Léonie Aminoff — *Dutton.* Fifth of twelve volumes on the life of Napoleon. Considerably marred by the author's playful style of writing.

*THE GREEN HAT — Michael Arlen — *Doran.* "The Constant Nymph" cannot prove more constant in sales, to say nothing of emotions, than Iris March.

*MAY FAIR — Michael Arlen — *Doran.* "These Charming People" find life gayer than ever and death as inevitable.

FATHER ABRAHAM — Irving Bacheller — *Bobbs-Merrill.* Lincoln again demands that the public take him to its heart.

THE DIVINE LADY — E. Barrington — *Dodd, Mead.* With costume and flowing syllable this lady reconstructs a fascinating period.

PRAIRIE FIRES — Lorna Doone Beers — *Dutton.* North Dakota as a background and her farmers' fight for financial and political freedom as a theme. One wishes that the unusual material had been used to better advantage.

*DRUMS — Thomas Boyd — *Scribner.* The roll of Revolutionary thunder advances a boy's soul to splendid manhood.

BIGGER AND BLACKER — Octavus Roy Cohen — *Little, Brown.* Mr. Cohen's familiar darkies in the movies — as good as ever but no better.

FISHMONGER'S FIDDLE — A. E. Coppard — *Knopf.* Short stories, comic and tragic. Original themes, written in beautiful prose.

LOVE — "Elizabeth" — *Doubleday, Page.* The author's charm overrides implausibilities in the love of tempestuous youth for middle aged matron.

THE LORING MYSTERY — Jeffery Farnol — *Little, Brown.* A graceful mystery story with its sorry moments. Exciting and well conceived.

*SO BIG — Edna Ferber — *Doubleday, Page.* This mother, Selina, and her uncertain son, becoming rapidly a classic among pictures of domestic discord and adjustment.

*THE GREAT GATSBY — F. Scott Fitzgerald — *Scribner.* "These Charming Drinkers" come upon tragedy unawares in what is a brilliant piece of writing.

THE ANNEXATION SOCIETY — J. S. Fletcher — *Knopf.* Thefts and murders add complications to mysteries that are skilfully kept dark almost to the last page.

*THE WHITE MONKEY — John Galsworthy — *Scribner.* Still climbing, this creature symbolical of the foibles of postwar society.

THE POLYGLOTS — William Gerhardi — *Duffield.* A worthy successor to "Futility". Good writing here. (*See page 694.*)

*SOUNDINGS — A. Hamilton Gibbs — *Little, Brown.* A girl finds love stronger than mind — a fictional observation of passion that is arresting.

THE RECKLESS LADY — Philip Gibbs — *Doran.* A mother and daughter work out their highly interesting problem from Monte Carlo to Grand Rapids.

*BARREN GROUND — Ellen Glasgow — *Doubleday, Page.* Surrounding the life story of a woman with beautiful description and detailed characterizations, Miss Glasgow has achieved something like a masterpiece.

DAY OF ATONEMENT — Louis Golding — *Knopf.* As a novel this is interesting and often thrilling but as a tract it does not ring true.

THE THUNDERING HERD — Zane Grey — *Harper.* Riding to romance on a

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buffalo, Mr. Grey equals the success of his wild horse romances.

CHOICE — Charles Guernon — *Lippincott.* A meandering and rather incoherent account of the conflict between passion and art in the life of a singer.

NOT UNDER THE LAW — Grace Livingston Hill — *Lippincott.* Trials overcome and love triumphant make a woman's story that should please many women.

DESTINY — Rupert Hughes — *Harper.* What would otherwise be a well balanced novel with many poetic touches is stained by unnecessary vulgarities.

THE OLD WOMAN OF THE MOVIES — Vicente Blasco Ibáñez — *Dutton.* Rich in landscape and character, these tales depict episodes from the human comedy in exotic times and places.

THE GEORGE AND THE CROWN — Sheila Kaye-Smith — *Dutton.* A book that contrasts the beauties of nature, wild and tame, on the earth's surface and in men's hearts. Worthy to stand with the best that its author has produced.

FAME — Micheline Keating — *Putnam.* Its eighteen year old author has absorbed just enough of the patter of modern sophisticated writing to make her stuff faintly nauseating.

*THE CONSTANT NYMPH — Margaret Kennedy — *Doubleday, Page.* A sort of morality of unmanners governs this irresistible tale.

ST. MAWR — D. H. Lawrence — *Knopf.* The story of a devil-horse and five people who, having had their sex, decide to leave it alone. The horse's reactions are dramatic, but disappointing.

THE HARP — Ethelreda Lewis — *Doran.* A South African novel to rank with "God's Stepchildren".

*ARROWSMITH — Sinclair Lewis — *Harcourt, Brace.* An idealist doctor attempts to cure the Babbitt in himself and his country.

AFTERWARDS — Mrs. Belloc Lowndes — *Doubleday, Page.* Society mystery in smart London capably told.

*THE PAINTED VEIL — W. Somerset Maugham — *Doran.* Primitive emotions overtake gentile people in the land of the primitive.

*GOD'S STEPCHILDREN — Sarah Gertrude Millin — *Boni, Liveright.* The blood of the black man furnishes plot and counterplot in a novel written with exquisite economy.

STOLEN IDOLS — E. Phillips Oppenheim — *Little, Brown.* The story of the charming Ballastons and certain Chinese gods, and the dreadful things they did to one another.

THE GUERMANTES WAY — Marcel Proust — *Seltzer.* With this pair of volumes, the great Proust cycle in English approaches completion. The translation comes as near to doing justice to the style of the original as is possible.

THE PEASANTS — Ladislas Reymont — *Knopf.* A gigantic tragi-comedy of peasant life which should be approached with respect.

THE CAROLINIAN — Rafael Sabatini — *Houghton Mifflin.* A ruffle and a sword prove as entertaining under American skies as under those of Spain or France.

SEDUCERS IN EQUADOR — V. Sackville-West — *Doran.* A violent title hides a delicious satire.

FRANKLIN WINSLOW KANE — Anne Douglas Sedgwick — *Houghton Mifflin.* So fine and distinguished a piece of work by the author of "The Little French Girl" as to make the reprinting really worthwhile.

*THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL — Anne Douglas Sedgwick — *Houghton Mifflin.* The primmest among the season's heroines proves that the ideal woman still claims the throne.

BRAVE EARTH — A. T. Sheppard — *Doran.* King Henry VIII's time reconstructed with care and beauty.

THE CRAZY FOOL — Donald Ogden Stewart — *A. and C. Boni.* Another burlesque novel in which mankind may laugh heartily at itself and its whims.

MR. BISBEE'S PRINCESS — Julian Street — *Doubleday, Page.* Three short stories of suave humor and grace.

*THE MOTHER'S RECOMPENSE — Edith Wharton — *Appleton.* A difficult sex tangle unraveled with taste and beauty.

*SEIBERT OF THE ISLAND — Gordon Young — *Doran.* Love and adventure combined in a manner truly Conradian. (*See page 695.*)

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

BOOKS THAT MAY HAVE ESCAPED YOU

1. "Young Mrs. Cruse" by Viola Meynell. Exquisite short stories and sketches worthy to rank with Katherine Mansfield's.

2. "The Prelude to Adventure" by Hugh Walpole. One of the loveliest books ever written by this famous Englishman.

3. "Sonnets of a Portrait Painter" by Arthur Davison Ficke. Poems that should be in the library of every lover.

4. "Joseph Pulitzer: His Life and Letters" by Don C. Seitz. An excellent biography and also a good interpretation of American journalism.

5. "The Genius of America" by Stuart Pratt Sherman. This fine critic's clearest expression of his critical views.

Speculative Travelers

HILAIRE BELLOC is now genial and now dogmatic. He is more likely to be genial when speaking of sailboats than when touching on philosophy; but he is constantly stimulating in the new rambling discourses from a sea trip, "The Cruise of the Nona" (Houghton Mifflin). It is a surprising and a valuable book. In the midst of its pages one comes upon such bits as this:

By what right shall fifty-one men out of a hundred, who have no particular taste for the drinking of tea, who, upon the whole, dislike it, but not earnestly, forbid the other forty-nine to drink tea, when those forty-nine feel tea-drinking to be a very necessity of their lives? For what reason shall fifty-one men — of whom perhaps only one knows anything upon the subject — outvote forty-nine — of whom perhaps five know something of the subject? decide (for instance) upon the annexation of an Asian islet? How can you trust fifty-one white men to legislate for forty-nine black men, or, to put it more strongly, fifty-one black men to legislate for forty-nine white? Who does not know that in such a case only organised force could decide?

A gentler travel book, or rather book of nature essays, is William Beebe's "Jungle Days" (Putnam). This collection is, I think, as good as any of the earlier ones and a better book by far than the elaborate "Galápagos: World's End". Here, with his animals and his jungle plants, his philosophizings and his eccentricities, we have this emotional scientist at his best. Perhaps it is not ethical in the eyes of publishers to review the format of a book; but I must say that, although the general appearance of this volume is lovely, to illustrate it with photographic plates was little short of criminal. Mr. Beebe makes his jungle a magic place. He gives his animals personality. He tells us of a grandmother frog or a wistful monkey, tells of them with insight and poetry; yet the photographic reproduction reminds us of nothing but the biological laboratory or the zoo. Mr. Beebe himself standing upon a giant fallen tree is a terrific comedown from the tree of the pages, or indeed from the Mr. Beebe we might have imagined. Perhaps it isn't Mr. Beebe on the tree — I can't quite make out. Anyhow, it was a terrible blunder to illustrate this magical and very beautiful book.

Two Interesting Novels

"FUTILITY" impressed when it appeared, and was hailed as the work of a new novelist of promise.

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Its successor, "The Polyglots" (Duffield), makes fascinating reading if you do not object to the impudence, perversity, and rattleheaded quality of its story telling and its characterizations. It is a muddlebrained combination of Henry James and Sinclair Lewis, with a dash of D. H. Lawrence, just for fun. However, in spite of all these qualifications, I recommend it heartily, for with its Japanese, Belgian, Russian, English, and other personages it provides plenty of amusement as well as irritation. In my list of novelists whose characterizations it displays I have neglected to mention Mr. Dickens — and that is the best of it. Uncle Lucy comes straight from the covers of "Pickwick", and there are various ladies and gentlemen as delightful. On page 71 Gerhardi writes this perfect review of his own book:

> Meanwhile, the situation as regards the sheepskin coats was still uncertain. Vague and perplexing. Dubious and undetermined. Confused and unsettled. Oracular, ambiguous, equivocal. Bewildering, precarious, embarrassing and controvertible, mysterious and undefinable, inscrutable and unaccountable, impenetrable, hesitant — apparently insoluble. Incredible! Incomprehensible! My orders were to ascertain their whereabouts and to arrange for their despatch by rail to — I didn't quite remember where. This I tried to arrange. "But where are the coats?" the railway authorities questioned. Alas, this was more than I knew. For the sheepskin coats, as I said, could not be traced.

Again, on page 365, in response to an aunt's query as to the hero's own novel — "Is there a lot of action in it?" — Gerhardi makes him reply:

> "Oh, lots and lots! Gun play in every chapter. Fireworks! People chasing each other round and round and round till they drop from exhaustion."

The other novel I recommend is clearer of intent. It is filled with color and action more clearly founded. It reminds me, now of Conrad, now of Maugham, and yet preserves a distinct quality of its own. This is "Seibert of the Island" (Doran) by Gordon Young, an American writer known better in England than here. Young writes with sweep and power. His characters are vividly and simply drawn. Seibert is a villainous figure of a man, working out his ambition on a Polynesian island, where natives and whites alike fear him. The love story is a complicated one, and the whole story is filled with emotional excitement. In a long time I have read no book I so thoroughly enjoyed.

Spring Poets not without Force

IF only there were some way of convincing Americans that they ought to buy a volume of poetry now and then! They read poetry, they talk of it, yet they allow book after book of beauty and rare attainment to be published and fail, leaving author and publisher in a state of mind from which recovery is necessary before the next effort is made. Like many other things, it isn't right; but I suppose there is small use preaching about it. Here are four poets worthy of consideration among the first: Hervey Allen, Don Marquis, Ridgely Torrence, and Archibald MacLeish. The most striking book is Mr. Allen's. He has called it "Earth Moods" (Harper), and says in his preface it is "for the most part an attempt to phrase poetically some of the modern conceptions of life". His phrases leap one after another in his effort to give an impression of the swift flow of life through the ages, with whirling heavenly bodies and frozen worlds. He is successful, too, and if the reader can meet him with imagination, there is a terrifying

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beauty and clarity about some of these first poems. He reminds me now of Marlowe, now of Shelley; but not in a sense of imitation; for Hervey Allen has always seemed to me at his best the most strongly original of our younger poets. If you like splendor of words and vigor of conception you will want this book, and later in the pages you will find dramatic lyrics of stark power, and lyrics of some grace. There is magnificence, it seems to me, in these lines:

Who has heard the crack of Carthaginian whips
Upon the backs of frozen elephants,
The roar of war-horns in the Maritime Alps,
The snake-drums of Numidian cavalry?

And is there not nice philosophy in this, "How the lack of Earth's mystery affects the thought of cities":

Thought, rootless thought of town,
Cut from its primal source,
Grows subtle and grows faint,
Less than the wisdom of the clown, —
Who with his hands in roots
Has felt them and himself, —
While sheltered from all weather . . .

"The Awakening" (Doubleday, Page) contains poems of Don Marquis selected for English consumption and printed here. Some day the world at large will awake to the fact that Mr. Marquis is one of our truly great literary figures. In these verses there are his gusto and his sense of musical phrase, his mysticism and his great humanity. "The Jesters" is a great poem. It has majesty, irony, beauty. Mr. Marquis has the gift of writing the graceful lyric; but it is never a lyric too sweet with sentiment or too lush with color. Nor is he a cautious poet; he has not been afraid to be lowbrow. Now, as he reaches middle age, he discovers that he is admitted to the paths of the great. I quote one of the least important of the poems, but a lovely one — "A Mood of Pavlowa":

The soul of the Spring through its body of earth
Bursts in a bloom of fire,
And the crocuses come in a rainbow riot of mirth. . . .
They flutter, they burn, they take wing, they aspire. . . .
Wings, motion and music and flame,
Flower, woman and laughter, and all these the same!
She is light and first love and the youth of the world,
She is sandalled with joy . . . she is lifted and whirled,
She is flung, she is swirled, she is driven along
By the carnival winds that have torn her away
From the coronal bloom on the brow of the May. . . .
She is youth, she is foam, she is flame, she is visible Song!

In "The Happy Marriage", Archibald MacLeish showed that he had matured to the poet's estate. He has a highly intellectual being, and he translates it in terms of Meredithian verse, embroidered occasionally by moments of beauty. In "The Pot of Earth" (Houghton Mifflin) he tells a love story in simple yet at the same time vastly involved measures. He is a fine poet. If I find him occasionally difficult, that quality does not dim my admiration for him. Take these exquisite eight lines, for example:

Unless the rain comes soon the colored petals
Sheathing the secret stigma of the rose
Will fall, will wither, and the swollen womb
Close, harden, upon a brittle stalk
Seal up its summer, and the hollyhock,
The broom, the furze, the poppy will become,
Their petals fallen, all their petals fallen,
Pease-cods — seedboxes — haws —

Ridgely Torrence has a talent that in its surety and steadiness amounts to genius. He is, I think, one of our foremost poets, in present importance exceeding those above discussed. His rhythms and his words are simple; his execution is sure. He writes little,

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but its purity of accomplishment cannot be questioned. It is difficult to detach a part of one of his poems, for they are so perfectly units. I am quoting, therefore, from his new volume "Hesperides" (Macmillan) the entire poem "Evensong":

Beauty calls and gives no warning,
Shadows rise and wander on the day.
In the twilight, in the quiet evening
We shall rise and smile and go away.
Over the flaming leaves
Freezes the sky.
It is the season grieves,
Not you, not I.
All our springtimes, all our summers,
We have kept the longing warm within.
Now we leave the after-comers
To attain the dream we did not win.
O we have wakened, Sweet, and had our birth,
And that's the end of earth;
And we have toiled and smiled and kept the light,
And that's the end of night.

Vermonters but—

MR. WERNER has again written a biography that calls for much praise. It is a better book than his "Barnum", though perhaps not quite so readable. The material, however, was heavier. For "Brigham Young" (Harcourt, Brace) deals with polygamy rather than press agentry, and its implications are more profound. Mr. Werner has great ability in reconstructing character; but he seems to me to fail in this book when he tries to show the sweep of the period. Perhaps it was too much to hope that, since he has so magnificent an understanding of the souls of people, he would understand completely the implications of events as they play into each other. Brigham Young stands out from these pages a firmer figure than Barnum, four dimensional and complete. To the Vermonter, Smith and Young will not seem typical — any more than does Calvin Coolidge — of the poetry of the Green Mountains. Yet here, surely, is the story of a revolt from Puritanism worldwide in its effect, against which the voice of bachelor Mencken seems the puny squall of a firstborn. Lovers of biography, those interested in religion, or in the complicated phases of great character, will find "Brigham Young" essential. If you wish to know what my quarrel with the book is, compare it with Amy Lowell's "John Keats".

— *J. F.*

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

GALSWORTHY'S UNDERSTANDING

By William Rose Benét

"THOSE who dutifully confection the short story to the sacred pattern of the hour may well become of the company which shakes its tambourines in hell", says Galsworthy in his foreword to this stout volume of his collected tales. He says it modestly, withal, not arrogating to himself the achievement of a better purpose but merely mentioning that such achievement has been his ideal.

As for Galsworthy's method in these stories, his point of view is that, I think, of Ferrand, the narrator of "A Simple Tale":

> "There are two kinds of men in this world, *monsieur* — one who will not rest content till he has become master of all the toys that make a fat existence — in never looking to see of what they are made; and the other, for whom life is tobacco and a crust of bread, and liberty to take all to pieces, so that his spirit may feel good within him. Frankly, I am of that kind."

Galsworthy examines character with a deep sympathy. He searches life's pathos, spreads before you its diverse tragedy. There is always beneficence in his touch, even when he illustrates the most heartbreaking ironies. Beauty and romance and the glamor of innocence pervade "A Man of Devon" and "The Apple Tree". They are idyllic for all the darkness of their endings. "Caravan" is a gallery of character studies, of folk rich and poor, strong and weak. The presentation of them is a relief after the crowded concocted incident of the magazine stories of the day. Here are people studied at first hand, complex and simple, sturdy and broken. One after the other they move through the mystery of their heroism and their defeat. Of their heroisms and defeats the author is the brooding but helpless spectator. Sometimes he lapses into sentimentality. It is always his danger. But his ideal is a profound charity.

There are several sympathetic studies of Germans in wartime England. The war psychology of the extreme Hun baiter is terribly presented in "The Dog It Was that Died", written in 1919. Of all the horrors of war this curse of hate, turning reasonable men into relentless and truly vicious "witch burners", seems the most terrifying. It is the hideous concomitant of war that eventually makes every cause unrighteous. Galsworthy has been deeply shocked by it, by the insanity of an *idée fixe* in a formerly healthy mind. And he is familiar with the Black Godmother, Fear, its forerunner.

"The Pack", an early story of 1905, is "teamed" with "The Dog It Was that Died". Although I do not always find justification in Galsworthy's method of pairing the stories in this volume throughout, an old one with a new one of somewhat similar theme, in this case it enables one to compare the seed with the tree. "The Pack" is the story of a college "ragging", but it ends with the significant remark, "What second-hand devil is it that gets into us when we run in packs?"

One of the most impressive stories in the book, as it is one of the longest, is "A Stoic", written in 1916. Old Heythorp is unforgetable, though hardly a

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stoic in the true meaning of the word. One cannot be both a stoic and a voluptuary. He is a man, on the other hand, who has always given rein to his passions and fancies. He makes a good end, but through power of personality rather than through stoicism. A man that the world might regard as reprehensible, but what a hearteningly courageous figure, a man with a hot heart in his breast and the stomach for a fight — as well as for viands!

Other unforgetable characters in these tales are "A Knight" and "Late — 299". The latter story, in my opinion, comes as near to being a masterpiece as anything I have ever read of Galsworthy's. And "The Juryman" and "The First and the Last" are unusually powerful stories.

The irony of life is in all these tales apparent, the trickery of fate, the defeat of nobility, faithfulness and courage, the cowardice of average humanity. Yet despite the striking evidences of Galsworthy's disillusionment, the quality that most pervades his work is human sympathy and understanding. That we note, first and last. It is the quality that gives his writing psychological significance, that makes it truly dramatic when he is treating crucial instances. His craftsmanship, his style, is not superlative, but his insight into the human mind and heart is that of a great observer.

Caravan. The Assembled Tales of John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons.

SIR WILLIAM OSLER

By Joseph Collins

SIR WILLIAM OSLER often said that if anyone were to write a biography of him he hoped it would be Harvey Cushing, his devoted and understanding friend, and brilliant colleague. Rarely has a biographer had the portrayal of such an inspiring subject.

On reading the 1,500 pages of the book, one realizes that such a life, filled to the brim with endeavor and human interest, with all its accumulated mass of letters and material from which to draw, might have caused dismay to the earnest biographer. It has taken Dr. Cushing five years to accomplish his labor of love. "He who runs may read", and one may imagine that at least some of the time was taken in deciding not so much what could be garnered from the life to perpetuate, as what could be left out so that the book should not assume undue proportions.

Every page of this work tells something of the man, his work, his courage in adversity, his friendships, his love for his family; and through it all there is astonishingly little of Harvey Cushing. The book is a true biography, because while it relates important events in the history of medicine, these are introduced so as to throw into strong relief the character of the man. This biography must surely be one of the few ever written in which the reader throughout two large volumes will find it difficult to place a finger upon a fault or point to an act of which he can distinctly disapprove.

Sir William Osler received plaudits and testimony of devotion from three countries on his seventieth birthday. After giving his energy and knowledge in service during the war, he bravely relinquished a life that was throughout an ardent example of "faith, hope, and charity", of which trinity he has exemplified the fact that he thought "the greatest of these is charity".

Rarely have character and personality been more faithfully and accu-

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rately described than were Osler's by the Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland, soon after his death:

> Physician, teacher, guide, lover of his fellow man. Noble exemplar of charity and tolerance and temperance and work and love; untiring stimulator and benefactor of this society; whose sparkling wit and genial subtle humour smoothed the rough way of life for so many weary spirits; whose presence banished discord and suspicion. The gap which his absence leaves among us will forever be warmed by the glow of that all-embracing love which radiated from his presence like a halo of light, and brought to all about him, something of the peace which now is his.

William Osler came of a distinguished Canadian family, the youngest of six boys and two girls, all of whom have left their mark on the world, "in that state of life to which it pleased God to call them". The father was in the British navy, but was persuaded by his godfather to go into the Anglican church. Leaving the navy, he went to Cambridge, took orders, then heard "the call" and, accompanied by his young Cornish wife, went to Canada as a missionary — no sinecure in those early days.

Sir William was born at Bond Head, Ontario, on July 12, 1849. His parents were anxious that one of their six sons should follow in the father's footsteps and join the church; but one by one the sons adopted some other profession. Finally the parents' desire was centred on the last, the Benjamin. Willie Osler, as he was then called, did his best and studied for the ministry. On the eve of taking holy orders, he found it impossible. So he was lost to the church and won by medicine. Considering all the profession gained through his advocacy, we cannot find it in our hearts to regret this step.

He went first to a grammar school at Weston, then to Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ontario, where he received the Chancellor's Prize and a silver trophy for his prowess in running. From there, to Trinity University, Toronto, studying medicine at this college and at McGill University, Montreal. He was graduated at the age of twenty-three. After continuing his study of medicine in London, Leipzig, and Vienna, he returned to Canada in 1874 to take the Chair of the Institute of Medicine at McGill.

In 1884 he was appointed Gulstonian lecturer for the year by the Royal College of Physicians in London, and in that year he became professor of clinical medicine in the University of Pennsylvania. There he remained five years. Then followed his third professorship, in Johns Hopkins University, which he held until 1905, when he left amid universal expressions of admiration and regret to become regius professor of medicine in Oxford University.

William Osler had an abnormal capacity for work. He named it, in one of his addresses, the master word in medicine. Like those men who have system, he used every moment of his waking hours, yet seemed to have leisure to carry on a daily flow of letters, to play with children, to entertain numberless guests who flocked from all parts of the world to the "Open Arms" (as he called his home at Norham Gardens), and to visit the sick and sorrowful, from whom he sometimes had to come away "whistling that he might not weep".

He found time to be a constant attendant of meetings, to take a leading part in his profession, to "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest his books", to found libraries, visit hospitals, entertain undergraduates, give lectures, be the moving spirit in his home, and always to prove a source of inspiration or consolation to others. "Hurry is the Devil" was a constant remark, so he

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lived by the clock and was rarely late for an appointment. From those that would waste his precious time he would "softly and silently vanish away" with a charming smile and wave of a cheerful hand. He was wont to shake his head and murmur, "So much to do, the undone vast", yet never thought with Hamlet:

> The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
> That ever I was born to set it right!

His textbook, "The Principles and Practice of Medicine", published in 1892, saw eleven editions by 1912. Of the first edition 23,000 copies were sold. It was published in France, Germany, China, and in Spain.

Osler was a great physician, a greater educator, and a greater friend. He was fortunate in life to have known what he wanted, and to have got it. And he was fortunate, when life ended, that he found a biographer who keeps his spirit alive and who has painted a portrait of him that will convey to posterity an adequate and appropriate idea of the kind of man he was.

Eventually there is bound to be another biography of him. I venture to say that it will dwell at far greater length on the first half of his life. Those who knew Osler intimately will be astonished to find scant reference to the interesting Francis family with whom he lived for so many years in Montreal; to Nancy Astor to whom he was legal guardian and who has often shown her capacity to do and say interesting, indeed even startling things; and finally to the playful side of his nature. To make a man into a saint, though he deserves it, does not always do him justice. William Osler had extraordinarily great qualities, his feet were less of clay than those of most men, but he was passionate in his likes and dislikes, he was often indiscreet, sometimes tactless to an unbelievable degree; he could not and would not suffer fools at all, and he exacted unqualified devotion and freedom to go his own way. He loved practical jokes but he was not at all happy when they were played on him. Yet one of the great charms of Osler was that he was so human, and had so much love and understanding of humanity. It is as a man that his friends remember him, and it is thus that he should always be remembered.

The Life of William Osler. By Harvey Cushing. Two volumes. Oxford University Press.

SOUL TRAVELS

By Winifred Katzin

AFTER accompanying his soul round the world in search of itself, Count Keyserling arrives back home at last, the happier, it is to be inferred, for a hoard of enriching experiences. He has had an illuminating, though perhaps not precisely a successful, time of it.

Much in the manner of the oriental psychics who can erase at will all consciousness from their own minds' surface in order to receive impressions from their consultants' unimpaired, this quasi-German philosopher has achieved a wholly un-European power of similar receptivity, which invests the chronicle of his adventures with immense authority and interest. The supernormal keenness and range of his vision have enabled him to discern, through her many veils, the features of the secret East. Hindu, Brahmin, Buddhist and Moslem have yielded up to his all-penetrating inspection their quintessential identities, which he has

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understood as no Westerner has ever done before.

Unlike most other philosophers whose preoccupations are mainly metaphysical and scientific, Count Keyserling discloses a poet's sensitiveness to the beauties of places and people and other outward manifestations of the hidden beauty which is their source. His diary abounds in splendid descriptions of the jungle and its creatures, subordinate, it is true, to the philosophical meditations which crowd in upon them, but deeply felt and expressed.

Students of the ancient, and hitherto imperfectly interpreted religions of the East, will find here what they must long have sought in vain — a Western soul thoroughly attuned to the spirit and soul of the Orient, and capable of maintaining a perfect unity with both for as long as the purposes of realization and interpretation require. It is as though the very voice of the East were speaking through the medium of a European tongue. There is a passage toward the end of the book in which Count Keyserling sums up his final judgment in the matter of religion:

> And now I recognize that the practical superiority of Christianity is the expression of an absolute metaphysical advantage: it embodies, as no other religion does, the spirit of freedom. Man, conditioned by nature, can show himself free only in two ways: by saying yes inwardly to all events, and by taking the initiative in directing them. . . . If the Indians, the profoundest of all thinkers, fail in practical life, this is due to the fact that they do not know how to impress their free being upon appearance. Instead of taking up their cross, they think of its insubstantiality, which releases them just as little as the denial of an undesirable relationship removes the relation. . . . We know nothing like as much as they do; but the teaching of Christ induces us to live unconsciously accordingly to their knowledge. Thus we are more destined to action than they are. We are the hands of God. These hands, as hands, are blind, and their blindness has caused much mischief. But if one day they are guided by the spirit of recognition, it is they who will, in so far as it is possible at all, succeed in founding the kingdom of heaven upon earth.

With chameleon-like rapidity, and with far greater than chameleon-like success, Count Keyserling changes himself to fit in with his ever shifting background. Once quit of the East, he instantly recovers a Western equilibrium and establishes anew within his soul and mind the Western attitude he relinquished upon setting foot on Indian soil. He arrives in America and proceeds to analyze the nature of this amazing country and the amazing people who have made it. Perhaps it is because his field of observation is now less remote that we begin to detect a certain *parti pris* in his judgments, as when, in an early chapter of his Diary, he uttered rather foolish commonplaces about the Englishman. Or it may be that he really does see the Orient more truthfully and more profoundly, on account of some spiritual affinity with it of which he is himself but faintly aware. At any rate, the interest of his book takes a sharp decline after the sixtieth chapter.

He is home for some days before he asks himself the question which to answer is to resolve the greatest problem of his life: Has his long journey brought him closer to a knowledge of himself, or is he as far away from that as ever? He believes he is nearer, but not yet near enough. And it is Bach who answers the question for him, as his soul, a little weary of its protracted explorations, finds solace in a fugue. "If only I could think as this man composed", he sighs; "if my recognition could mirror such depth as his music does, then I would have reached my goal."

Browning, did Count Keyserling but remember, could have told him long ago that one act of creation can be interpreted only in terms of another,

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that, in fact, you can't get at the heart of mystery with a pick ax, however skilfully you may wield it —

> The rest may reason and welcome,
> 'Tis we musicians Know.

The literary quality of the book is ruined in this pseudo-English version, owing to the restrictions placed upon the translator by the author himself. His incredible letter, directing how the work should be done, is quoted in the preface, and is a very necessary justification for the grotesque construction of the sentences and the purely German character of the language throughout. It is unforgivable.

The publishers are to be congratulated upon an admirable piece of bookmaking.

The Travel Diary of a Philosopher. By Count Hermann Keyserling. Translated by J. Holroyd Reece. Two volumes. Harcourt, Brace and Company.

HERE AND THERE

By Louis Untermeyer

THE title is not intended as a reviewer's shrug at being confronted with six wholly unrelated volumes, but to indicate the geographical even more than the technical disparity in their authors. Mrs. Tietjens is the only local representative, and patriotism as well as *place aux dames* leads me to turn first to her. But it is a dubious courtesy. All the gallantry in the world cannot keep me from feeling that "Profiles from Home" is an exceedingly inept offering. It is poor enough on its own account; coming from Mrs. Tietjens it is disheartening. Mrs. Tietjens's poetry, it appears, has come down a steady series of descending levels. "Profiles from China" (1917), her first book, remains her best. "Body and Raiment", published two years later, is far less interesting, the bright moments being the very early ones. In "Profiles from Home" the poet strikes a plane so low as to seem incredible. She attempts, by sketches in free verse, to do for these States what her first volume did for China. But the results are the very opposite; the conceptions are feeble, the execution less than inadequate. This "etching" from Chicago is typical:

PROGRESS

It is evening, and the shop which eats their
lives is closed now.
They are sitting on the lodging-house steps,
slack and weary.
There is nothing to do, and nothing to
think of.
A cart-horse shambles by.
"Say, Mame. Ever ride behind one of
them?"
"Never. Did you?"
"A grocer boy give me a ride once."
"What wuz it like?"
"Oh, sort of shaky and different. Slow
though."
"Yep."

A silence, then,
"Guess there won't be no more of them
soon."
"Guess not."

Once in a while there is a gleam of poetic color, once in a while a sardonic incision. But for the greater part, the commentary is as flat as the satire is superficial. "Now at last", trumpets the jacket, "Mrs. Tietjens gives us the book for which her admirers have long been waiting." Out of respect for the author of "Profiles from China", I murmur "God forbid!"

Of the remaining five volumes, four hail from England. The least pretentious is Laurence Binyon's booklet: a charming two colored limited edition of nine poems from the Japanese. Mr. Binyon commits the error of adding rhymes to his "adaptations", and the

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result is less Japanese than Georgian. For example, a fragment supposed to be by "Gotokudaiji no Sadaijin" is rendered thus:

Thrilled, I turned my gaze,
Where a sharp, sweet tone
Quivered in the cuckoo's earliest cry —
Lo, the morning moon alone
Beams her silence from the empty sky.

It needs no Amy Lowell or Arthur Waley to tell us that this is as far from the land of the chrysanthemum as Piccadilly. If Mr. Binyon's other work did not convince me he was incapable of anything so low, I would say that here the white haired singer was pulling both of the reader's legs.

It is with the utmost modesty that the sensitive critic of "Attitudes" makes his début as a poet. Even the paper jacket (or dust cover, as Mr. Muir's compatriots call it) is an appropriate dove grey. At first one is disappointed. One looks — and looks in vain — for that mixture of audacious gaiety and volatile illumination which makes Muir's essays so brilliant and distinctive. But it is not long before the reader discovers other qualities which amply compensate for the lack of the familiar ones. There is an unusual if unobtrusive power of vision in these "First Poems". The author is particularly successful in summoning and holding the dream atmosphere: the "Ballad of Eternal Life", in spite of its faint overtones of Hofmannsthal, is an almost freezing evocation of that nebulous state between consciousness and nightmare. Almost as arresting is the Scotch paraphrase, the "Ballad of a Flood", a lively pendant to Irwin Russell's Negro variation on the same theme. And, among the shorter poems, "Childhood", "Grass", and "The Enchanted Prince" attain something of the clarity which philosophic poetry strives for but so seldom attains. Whatever Mr. Muir chooses to be in future, such performances, and particularly the "Ballad of Eternal Life", prove him now no mere poetic personality but succinctly a poet.

Two Sitwells next. Neither of them is The Sitwell. That title must be reserved for Edith Sitwell, the originator of one of the most piquant idioms in contemporary poetry. Of the two brothers, Osbert (author of "Triple Fugue") is the more lavish, Sacheverell is the more particular. Osbert is concerned with the ironies of life; Sacheverell is rooted in the subtleties of art. One likes Osbert better for what he feels; one cares more for the way Sacheverell expresses his slighter but finer grained æstheticisms. Together, they furnish not so much a contrast as a complement; against Osbert's savage analyses of Mrs. Freudenthal and her auction bridge world (modeled after T. S. Eliot) Sacheverell pits the cool elegance of the Venus of Bolsover Castle; to the angry denunciations in the section entitled "Sing Praises" (from "Out of the Flame") the youngest Sitwell adds the metaphysical delicacies of "Doctor Donne and Gargantua". To get the full flavor of either volume the reader should have both.

The last of this group, in spite of the American production of one of his plays, is even more foreign to these states. I hope I shall not be accused of a plot to destroy the National Security League when I state that the best of these six poets is both a German and a Communist. "The Swallow-Book" is a translation of Ernst Toller's most recent work "Das Schwalbenbuch", a sequence of free verse soliloquies occasioned by the nesting of two swallows in his cell, during the young poet's five year incarceration in the fortress of Niederschoenenfeld. As a creative

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work the little book is alternately poignant, vindictive, lyrical, strepitant, resigned, and altogether moving. As a translation, it is only fair. Ashley Dukes is a sympathetic but not an inspired adapter. His English is full of inversions not present in the original; he seems to prefer the worn literary word to the living one. For example, Mr. Dukes translates "*dressiert*" as "entamed", whereas "trained" is not only a simpler but a more exact rendering; "*Verlassenheit*" might, as Mr. Dukes puts it, be translated as "forsakenness", but the more direct as well as the more fluent equivalent would be "abandonment"; nor is there any reason for making the natural sentence "*Nirgends blueht das Wunder*" into so stilted a phrase as "Nowhere blossoms Miracle". For the rich quality of Toller's emotion not less than his language, the reader will have to forsake a few of his prejudices and read the author of "Masse Mensch" in his own tongue.

Profiles from Home. By Eunice Tietjens. Alfred A. Knopf.

Little Poems from the Japanese. Rendered into English verse by Laurence Binyon. Privately printed at the Swan Press: Leeds.

First Poems. By Edwin Muir. B. W. Huebsch.

Out of the Flame. By Osbert Sitwell. George H. Doran Company.

The Thirteenth Cæsar. By Sacheverell Sitwell. George H. Doran Company.

The Swallow-Book. By Ernst Toller. English version by Ashley Dukes. Oxford University Press.

AN INCOMPLETE BOSWELL

By Gamaliel Bradford

IT is not possible to recommend M. Brousson's book heartily to lovers of Anatole France. The old man is there, with his wide interest in life, his quick surprises of wit, his sudden and astonishing candor, his persistent sensuality, but he is not all there. It reminds one of the Goncourts' portrayal of Sainte-Beuve in their Journal, a distasteful though indispensable record of a side of the man, but wofully inadequate and incomplete. And, as Jules Lemaître said of this record of the Goncourts, one is forced to the conclusion that the recorder did not understand.

The sexual side of France's diversified life, the side which undoubtedly makes much of the attraction of his books, is amply developed in these pages, even though the translator is forced to dispense with some of the more highly colored chapters of the original. Again one thinks of the sordid old age of Sainte-Beuve; and his remark about the "burden of sadness that afflicts those who have abused the sources of life" finds its striking parallel in the cry of France when Brousson holds him up as the model of a happy life: "'Enough, enough! Ah, if you could read in my soul, you would be terrified.' He takes my hands in his, and his are trembling and feverish. He looks me in the eyes. His are full of tears. His face is haggard. He sighs: 'There is not in all the universe a creature more unhappy than I. People think me happy. I have never been happy for one day, not for a single hour.'"

Again, we see fully France's skepticism, his utter disbelief in any God, in any future, in a spiritual ideal of any kind whatsoever. Or, in another field, we get most interesting glimpses of his methods of composition and literary work.

What we do not get, or get most meagrely, is what some of us have loved most in all France's books. We do not get his infinite tenderness, his

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broad and kindly tolerance, his sympathy with all phases of human suffering and human effort and human hope. It is these things that make the essential charm of Silvestre Bonnard, of Jérôme Coignard, of Monsieur Bergeret. And again, there disappears in this record that indefinable, inexplicable grace which invests all France's work and makes him indisputably one of the greatest writers of his age. No doubt this quality must largely disappear in any translation; but then the question arises — why translate? Mr. Pollock's work is well done; but its very excellence serves only to show the hopelessness of the attempt. The last fine touch of perfection, the charm in Quintilian's exquisite phrase *apicibus verborum ligata*, is lost by the medium of transference, till the impatient reader wonders whether it ever existed. Therefore I say that these pages, entertaining and piquant as many of them are, do not give us the real Anatole France, or give us only a piece of him.

It is possible that readers of THE BOOKMAN and lovers of France may be interested in the following unpublished letter, written over thirty years ago, in response to an outpouring of youthful enthusiasm. The letter was written in English and shows France's admirable command of the language, in spite of little slips, like the pretty Gallicism "safe Shakspeare". The glimpse of France's methods of composition in connection with "Le Lys Rouge" and of his Shakespeare worship is of peculiar interest.

Dear Sir:

You have written to me so kindly that I will not leave your letter unanswered, though just now I have hardly time for anything. I am taken up by a novel which ought to have come out in today's "Revue de Paris" and which will be finished I know not when. We poor authors are condemned to a mysterious and somewhat bewildering task, and often we feel as though we had to fill old Danaus's cask. And yet if there is some compensation to our hard labor, it is in the approval and sympathy of such readers as you seem to be, and in those friendly words coming from afar and which seem doubly precious coming from a stranger. I am unhappily very little acquainted with English and American literature safe Shakespeare whom I worshipp. I think him the greatest among the great. I shall be happy, dear sir, if ever you come to Paris, if you will call on me.

Till then believe me

Very truly yours,
ANATOLE FRANCE.

Anatole France Himself, A Boswellian Record. By his secretary Jean Jacques Brousson. Translated by John Pollock. J. B. Lippincott Company.

TAKING SPORT SERIOUSLY

By T. R. Coward

ASK your true sportsman why he is such, and what will the answer be? "I like it. I can't resist the competitive urge." And no matter what he says, if he be a true sportsman, it will boil down to this. Charles Wright Gray has compiled an anthology of contemporary short stories, "The Sporting Spirit", which conveniently clinches the point. Seventeen stories make up the book, concerning sports which run alphabetically from automobile racing to track, including even one on mountaineering.

George D. Abraham, in his little book "First Steps to Climbing", proves his argument to us that mountain climbing "is the finest sport in the world and justifiable a thousand times over. Danger to life and limb is its only drawback." But then that is true, more or less, of almost every sport. The advantage of mountain climbing, over all others, apparently, is that nature, because so great an opponent, makes for precisely this reason so much more satisfying a victim of prowess.

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A less terrifying manifestation of nature than an Alpine peak, yet one which offers a real satisfaction in the conquering, is the woodland. With the utmost determination we shall refrain from invidious comparisons with Horace Kephart, whose great Work (it simply must be capitalized) remains standard in spite of many rival works on the subject. Nevertheless, Warren H. Miller, in "Camping Out", has written a book as valuable and stimulating as a good seed catalogue is to an amateur gardener; which is to say, it is full of expert and practicable counsel, except that this is leavened with bits of informal narrative.

"A Handbook of the Outdoors", by Earle Amos Brooks, is a manual for leaders of juvenile camping expeditions, with good ideas on play, instruction, and religious development. As to what constitutes the aristocracy of camperdom, there is some dispute. Semi-permanent group camps are admittedly middle class. But is the lone hiker of the aristocracy, or is it the inhabitant of a palatial lodge? F. E. Brimmer, in "Camps — Log Cabins, Lodges and Clubhouses", gives one a chance to see how comfortable one can be during the period of retreat from the city to hunt or fish. He gives valuable chapters on rustic furniture construction and camp layout.

Those who are content to take their competition with nature in the form of an ocean voyage will find in "The Steamer Book" by Edward Valentine Mitchell an enlightening and amusing companion. It is a medley of nautical information conveyed simply and understandably, of sea verse, and of sea tales.

Fred G. Shaw, in "The Science of Fly Fishing for Trout", makes contagious his enthusiasm for the trout as a personal opponent. This is a thoughtful and scholarly book, well written with the assurance which comes from long experience and certain knowledge. Edward Ringwood Hewitt differs from Mr. Shaw. His enthusiasm is for salmon; he calls his book "Secrets of the Salmon". Being an inventor, he brings his professional methods to bear — moving pictures, mathematical formulæ, and statistical tables; with the result that, "I can safely say . . . where there are salmon. . . . I can always raise a number each day."

T. E. Jones's "Track and Field" is an excellent handbook by an expert. Full details are given for training and performing in the recognized events, and past records are noted. An interesting item brought to light is that John Paul Jones, the great Cornell runner, ran the fastest final quarter ever run in the mile when he made his intercollegiate record, doing the distance in $58^{2}/_{5}$ seconds, a truly marvelous performance. It is our belief that if Jones had continued running after college he would have proved the finest miler of all time, not excepting the great Nurmi.

The Sporting Spirit. By Charles Wright Gray. Henry Holt and Company.
First Steps to Climbing. By George D. Abraham. Robert M. McBride and Company.
Camping Out. By Warren H. Miller. D. Appleton and Company.
A Handbook of the Outdoors. By Earle Amos Brooks. George H. Doran Company.
Camps — Log Cabins, Lodges and Clubhouses. By F. E. Brimmer. D. Appleton and Company.
The Steamer Book. By Edwin Valentine Mitchell. Dodd, Mead and Company.
The Science of Fly Fishing for Trout. By Fred G. Shaw, F.G.S. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Secrets of the Salmon. By Edward Ringwood Hewitt. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Track and Field. By T. E. Jones. Charles Scribner's Sons.

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IN BRIEF REVIEW

IT is, as Professor Richard Swann Lull points out, fitting that a paleontologist write on evolution, because the strongest evidence for organic evolution and against direct creation consists in the fossils and other remains of earlier life that have been found in different strata of the earth. This evidence is prominent in "The Ways of Life" (Harper), which is, however, as complete as it is a lucid statement of what the scientist knows of the origin and history of living things.

When the poet approaches the territory of the mediæval, there is apt to be a plenitude of rigorous phrases and pungent words, seldom used expressions and strange spellings. The love of the picturesque is only too often the misstepping stone of the unwary narrator. "The Drums of Yle" by J. U. Nicolson (Covici) is a point in case. It purports to be a story of old England when the not unlustful barons claimed their rights in matters of love. There is considerable movement in the narrative; the picture of the lovely heroine, born to be a queen yet reared as a peasant girl in an alien land, is not without charm. Unfortunately, neither the employment of backward-reading verses, in versimilitude to old English, nor the vigor of the poetic form in which the poet chooses to clothe his tale, makes what simpler treatment could effect—a truly fine poem.

A thick sprinkling of specific instances changes Leon Nelson Flint's "The Conscience of the Newspaper" (Appleton) from an extended essay on journalistic ethics to something almost as spicy as "The Brass Check". Mr. Flint has applied the case system to his subject matter. As any reader of that splendid example of the case system, "Advice to the Lovelorn", knows, the problems presented are frequently more interesting than the solutions. The book offers no cure for journalistic evils. The codes of newspaper ethics, a long series of which forms the appendix, sound as impotent as official statements in the face of a crime wave. Mr. Flint merely touches on such important influences on newspaper policies as the dominance of syndicated features, the growth of newspaper chains, and the demand that newspapers be amusing which is making picture book dailies so successful. But the book does show clearly how the "human element" rather than deliberate skullduggery is responsible for many journalistic derelictions. Whether a contemplation of newspaper ethics such as this will help editors elevate their profession is doubtful, but it will help the average reader interpret the news he reads.

Jeanne Bordeux's intimate biography, "Eleonora Duse: The Story of Her Life" (Doran), although inclined to be over-eulogistic, gives none the less a comprehensive, detailed history of the celebrated tragédienne. The author succeeds in completely effacing from her pages all references to her own friendship with the subject of her work, thus achieving an effect of perfect detachment. But Madame Bordeux is unable, in estimating Duse's artistic genius, her high nobility of character, her exalted idealism and her poignant loneliness, to transcend her

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own excessive admiration and enthusiasm. Apart from this tendency toward a worshipful and sentimental attitude, the book has authentic value.

When Boni and Liveright printed Alexander Berkman's "The Bolshevik Myth", they insisted that the final chapter be eliminated as a literary anti-climax. So Mr. Berkman proceeded to publish that chapter privately as "The Anti-Climax". It is easy to see why the publishers felt that so theoretical and analytical a chapter harmonized poorly with the matter that was to have preceded it. "The Bolshevik Myth" as now printed is the diary of Alexander Berkman from the time of his deportation from America until he broke with the Bolsheviks. The book is probably the most vivid description of Russia under Leninism we have yet had. It is more objective than Emma Goldman's "Disillusionment" and not so tragically despondent. But without "The Anti-Climax" the book would be more significant than the run of anti-Soviet denunciation only from a literary point of view. That last chapter points out how the methods of a conspirators' steering committee, imposed on Soviet forms, have resulted in a new despotism, as yet untempered by assassination. It points out how terrorism, originally used as a weapon of liberty, develops and strengthens an oligarchy of those who wield it. Mr. Berkman's observations and conclusions hold as true of the French Revolutions of '89 and '70 as they do of the Russian revolt.

For the general reader who desires an insight into the difficulties of the immigration inspector, it would be hard to discover a more satisfactory volume than Victor E. Safford's "Immigration Problems" (Dodd, Mead). Mr. Safford's book is the fruit of years of personal experience; it abounds in reminiscences and anecdotes that lend life and color to the exposition; it is entertaining at the same time as it is authentic, and informative at the same time as it is soberly critical. The author's conclusion will prove of particular interest, for Mr. Safford maintains, among other things, that we must have a Secretary of Immigration if there is ever to be an efficient immigration service; and he believes that such a Secretary can be effective only if we "get back to the unpopular idea of a Government of laws and not of men".

The "gusty music" of Ireland, ranging from Goldsmith to James Stephens, from Congreve to Padraic Colum, has been swept together into one little book — "A Golden Treasury of Irish Verse" (Macmillan). The compiler, Lennox Robinson, has succeeded in his effort to arrange the poems so that, "wherever the book is opened, some connection of thought or mood will be found to link poem to succeeding poem". By this method the reader is borne along on a swelling tide of song that seems, not the singing of many poets, but the voice of the eternal Gaelic heart. This impression is especially strong when we discover that much of the song in this book is preserved from the old Gaelic by the sympathetic modern Irish poet. The stream is thereby enriched by a fountainhead that will never go dry. Dierdre and Sidhe, the leprechauns and the fairy ring — all the deathless symbolism of a race comes alive again in their minstrelsy. Scarcely any poetry in the world is so passionately racial, so deeply rooted in the primal earth. Because Mr. Robinson's collection demonstrates this fact more strikingly

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than any other we have seen, and because it comes nearest to our ideal of "pure poetry" in the largest sense, we have no hesitation in recommending the book to all poetry lovers.

The physical wreckage of the Great War has been cleaned up; the machinery of production has been rebuilt; populations ravaged by battle and hardship are again on the increase — and yet the plight of the world now is worse than it was in 1914. It is the social fabric of mankind that has not been reconstituted; it is humanity itself that requires reconstruction. This is the well supported thesis which comprises the first part of J. D. Whelpley's "Reconstruction" (Funk and Wagnalls). The second part of the volume might have been called an appendix, did it not make up more than three quarters of the whole. It is full of aimless information on international trade, on emigration and on the nations of Europe — page on page of dull reading, facts that are not new nor vital. It is unfortunate that a book which starts out so bravely should end so inconclusively.

Readers interested in the life and work of John Addington Symonds will find in "Out of the Past" (Scribner) by his daughter, Margaret Symonds (Mrs. W. W. Vaughan), an intimately revealing biography of the man told largely in the hitherto unpublished letters of his friends, his family, and himself. Mrs. Vaughan attempts no critical tribute to the well known essays and poetry of her father, the object of the book being to recall him rather in the light of her own memories, as he existed for herself and others, apart from his writing. In this she has been completely successful, if at times a trifle dull.

The verses of Arthur Guiterman are the candy of poetry, with the virtues and faults of sweetmeats. "A Poet's Proverbs" (Dutton) are delicious bits, but it is necessary to warn the unwary that he who essays to consume the entire contents at a sitting will spoil his stomach for them. These "mirthful, sober and fanciful epigrams on the universe" and "certain old Irish proverbs" are rendered in sparkling couplets — frequently the heroic couplet that centuries of English poets have found handy when brilliancy of expression rather than depth of emotion was the requisite quality. The poems are arranged subjectively — a device which makes the volume an excellent source for the person who has exhausted the pages of Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations". Let these two couplets serve as representative examples of some two hundred odd:

The Past's a Book wherein some Truths are found,
But not a Chain by which Men's Feet are Bound.

I threw a Stone in the Turnip Field;
The Pig I hit was the Pig that Squealed.

In 1788 Andrew Kippis, D.D., F.R.S., and S.A., dedicated to the king his narrative of "Captain Cook's Voyages, with an Account of His Life, during the Previous and Intervening Periods". It is a definitive biography, detailing in full, as if it were an expanded log book, the course of Cook's three voyages, and setting forth his discoveries in New Zealand, Australia, the Society Islands, and many other strange lands and seas. Its style is classic, unruffled, stately, scholarly. Though the author omits nothing nor extenuates anything, he is at pains to justify every act of the explorer (as well as to laud the liberality of George III). He even includes a set "eulo-

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gium"; yet he does leave one with a greatly increased respect for the spirit and achievement of the now almost legendary Captain Cook. It is this book which Knopf has had beautifully printed and illustrated in England for the 1925 market.

The golden mean has been achieved very skilfully by Sylvia Lynd in "The Mulberry Bush" (Minton, Balch), a volume of sketches of English life which cannot possibly offend the sentimental and is unlikely to outrage any of the intelligentsia into whose hands it may fall. There is nothing new in it, but the materials have been handled with considerable grace. The author possesses a fund of mild irony, some rather conventional whimsicality, and a fairly large amount of insight. Her word sense is good and occasionally she achieves a really telling bit of characterization, as in the following: "Then would come silence, a long, choking silence, in which he seemed to lie in ambush waiting for her to blow her nose." Mrs. Lynd's subjects range from youth to age and from bounding health to serious sickness. She is perhaps at her best with a humorous subject. "Tact" and "Romaunt de la Rose" are the best pieces in the book, with "Journey's End" and "The Sybarite", studies of age and childhood respectively, not far behind.

The purpose of Perry Belmont's volume on "National Isolation an Illusion" (Putnam) is plainly indicated in the title. The author endeavors first of all to show that the United States has not been and never can be isolated from Europe; and, secondly, he attempts to prove that the Democratic party, "created at the birth of our democratic Republic, preponderant when our foreign policy was formulated . . . derives its indestructible vitality from the principles upon which it was instituted — principles which lie at the foundation of the Government of the Republic". In the course of his argument, Mr. Belmont reviews our entire history from the time of the formation of the earliest parties; and he goes into such detail and documents his contentions so heavily as to make out a case which, at the very least, definitely challenges attention.

The light verse of the earlier years of this century has come in for much justifiable abuse. Yet Houghton Mifflin Company have bravely reissued Curtis Hidden Page's twenty year old translation of the "Songs and Sonnets of Pierre de Ronsard" — and omens to the contrary, it is well worth reading in this day. Possibly the translation might not have remained so fresh if Mr. Page had employed, unflavored, the poetic idiom of his day. But he had the excellent judgment to translate Ronsard, not in the "diction" of 1900, but in the speech of the Elizabethan contemporaries of the French poet. The original edition of the translation was a limited one, designed by Bruce Rogers. The occasion of this edition is the four hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth. It makes no pretensions to the elaborateness of Mr. Rogers's production, but it is an excellent example of handsome typography. The volume includes an interesting biographical sketch and some rather technical notes.

"When he was young he was too young." Thus does Max Eastman characterize the early achievements of "Leon Trotsky" (Greenberg). Though born to the name of Bronstein, of well to do and enterprising parents, the boy who was later to figure so spectacularly

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in the eyes of the world soon changed his name to Trotsky. It was under this name that he moved through the ever changing, hazardous circles of revolutionary Russia. The book is a rapid, interesting narrative of his experiences, both mental and physical, during those years of early youth which led up to his final triumph as military head of the Bolshevist party. Its pictures, especially of Trotsky the boy, are clear and colorful. They supply a graphic history of the early pioneers of revolutionary thought. Of the action that finally came as a result of these endeavors, Mr. Eastman has little to say. He declares in his introduction: "The chief thing to be gained by visiting Soviet Russia is a feeling of the characters of the Bolshevists. To a simple man that makes Bolshevism intelligible." He has, therefore, made a sincere effort to paint the portrait of Trotsky's youth, to show the forces that converged to make a Bolshevist possible. If this study does not satisfy the casual reader, we can only conclude that even so careful a characterization and chronicle of events as Mr. Eastman's book leaves a hundred questions about present day Russia still unanswered. Probably they cannot now be answered satisfactorily by anybody, and recent changes in Trotsky's status can only serve to lessen the effectiveness of some of Mr. Eastman's comments.

Fridtjof Nansen was only twenty when he made his first Arctic expedition in 1882. Woodsman, hunter, and fisherman, he was very naturally interested in zoology, and decided to study the life and physical features of the Arctic. He took passage aboard a sealing vessel, and his book, "Hunting and Adventure in the Arctic" (Duffield), is a bold and enthusiastic account of the "Viking's" maiden voyage. There is the gripping tale of icebound adventure, of navigation among the drifting floes, of hunting and killing the saddleback and the curious, hooded bladdernose seals, of encounters with the bottlenose whales, polar bears, and man eating sharks. Glints of humor, grave dangers gamely weathered, abounding details of deep sea creatures of the North, and many drawings by the writer acquaint one with the Nansen who was later destined to become a famous explorer and author.

The "Dream Tapestries" of Louise Morey Bowman (Macmillan) are charming fragments of prettiness. They are like figures painted on tissue paper, faint, perishable, and without connection. One misses the pattern of these poems which are, for the most part, merely an expression of conventional thoughts about the "icy fingers of the rain", the "bare black branches", moonlight on beautiful ladies swooning on marble benches with apple green scarfs around their necks. But one likes the things she writes about apples — even apple green scarfs on marble benches. It is a book for wistful girls and maiden aunts. It is charmingly recommended on its green jacket by Amy Lowell and Harriet Monroe.

Dr. Geraldine Hodgson's "The Life of James Elroy Flecker, From Letters and Materials Provided by His Mother" (Houghton Mifflin) strikes us as uncommonly searching, balanced, concise, yet affectionate biography of an uncommonly human genius masquerading at times a bit insufferably perhaps, but most of the time shyly, austerely, spontaneously himself. This greatest Keatsian's tempestuous childhood, schooldays, Oxford, Cambridge, teaching days, Near East vice consular service, family loves, and death are

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limned here academically yet richly. That Flecker had genius for social as well as æsthetic criticism, "a most vigilant humor, pomp and parade" about him as well as about his lovely words and rhythms, together with all sorts of "sharp-edged clarity", not only Douglas Goldring and now Dr. Hodgson have shown us unforgetably; in addition his own prose works, such as "The Grecians" (valuable suggestions looking toward educational reforms), attest.

A work of unusual historic importance is "Austria in Dissolution" (Doran), the personal recollections of Stephan, Count Burián, who during the years 1915–17 and 1918 held the high diplomatic office of minister for foreign affairs in the government of Austria-Hungary. Count Stephan writes with a strict adherence to the facts of international wartime relationships between the Central Powers and the Entente. He deals successively in his opening chapters with the varied internal and external forces that compelled ultimate participation in the war by the numerous nations which in 1914 declared their neutrality. The subsequent chapters cover with perfect frankness the inner workings of Austro-Hungarian diplomatic policies and problems, peace overtures and negotiations, the gradual undermining at home of the Empire, the persistent but unavailing efforts of Count Stephan for a settlement of the catastrophe, which ended finally in the downfall of the dual monarchy.

No amount of Pepysiana can ever match the charm of the great Diary itself, but it is to the researches and sympathetic scholarship of such men as J. R. Tanner that we owe much of our real knowledge of Pepys, man and statesman. As one of the chief authorities on Pepys, Mr. Tanner has succeeded in giving us a book that is in essence a succulent sampling of the Diarist's work, as well as a careful biographical sketch of that part of his life not covered by the Diary. He calls it "Mr. Pepys" (Harcourt, Brace). Here we see Mr. Pepys at home; Mrs. Pepys of the "comely person" who irritated her neat husband by leaving "her things lying about"; the Diarist as a public servant, good fellow, humanist, and insatiable taster of life. It is a book for students of Pepys's life and times, as well as for those readers who enjoy the Diary simply as the chronicle of a singularly full and interesting life. Most busy readers nowadays have dipped into the Diary just enough to look forward to some time of unprecedented leisure for its further perusal. To those who are unwilling to wait till old age has left time on their hands for just such longed for delights, we recommend this book as a clearly outlined full length portrait of "Mr. Pepys".

Whatever hero worship there is in R. F. Dibble's "John L. Sullivan" (Little, Brown) is hero worship with the tongue in the cheek. Of Alfred Dreyfus, after his acquittal and restoration to military rank, it was cynically said that his only virtue was his innocence. John L. Sullivan's only virtue was the honesty in the ring which he was forever proclaiming to the world. To the end of his days he was blatantly shouting on every occasion; "Yours on the level, John L. Sullivan." Viewed coldly, Sullivan is one of the ugliest figures in all the long annals of the prize ring. He was a moron and the most cruel of bullies. Like all bullies, he had a strong vein of cowardice in his nature. That did not show in the ring, for there he was always too supremely confident. The generosity with which

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he has been credited was the generosity of the waster. That Mr. Dibble is conscious of the true worth of his hero is evident in the mock heroic tone in which his narrative is couched. Figuratively speaking, he writes on something that he holds with a pair of tongs. The three names of prize ring history that stand conspicuously for downright brutality are those of John L. Sullivan, and Hooper and Berks of the golden age of British pugilism. Berks redeemed himself by dying greatly on the battlefield.

The second book to be published by the S.N Society at Northampton, Massachusetts, is David Berenberg's "Letters of Glaucon and Sarai". Mr. Berenberg is a teacher at the Rand School and is said to be an advocate of no poetic "ism" and to have no message to deliver. He has written a dramatic poem which takes place in ancient Judea. It is clearly and finely conceived with strong tissues connecting its imagery, and the speeches are simple and impressive. Sarai speaks:

"I am alone,
I am afraid!
So much is darkness now at Galilee."

There are, in addition, more than a dozen poems in the latter half of the volume. "Semiramis", "Silences", "Road Song", and "Recognition" are a few of the finest.

"A Musical Critic's Holiday" (Knopf), to one reader at least, is decidedly inferior, both in content and in execution, to the rest of Ernest Newman's output, and only a rationalization of its author's critical hardening of the arteries. Are there, he asks, standards by which one may distinguish the first from the second and third rate in contemporary music? Value, he answers, is constant, and so one who distinguishes it in music of the past can also distinguish it in music of the present. And so Mr. Newman may now distinguish them with impunity, for what he does not enjoy is not first rate. But what of the argument that unfamiliarity of idiom may prevent enjoyment, and of the fact that music at first not appreciated for this reason was appreciated when the idiom had become familiar? Mr. Newman finds a convenient distinction between new harmony that talks sense and new harmony that talks nonsense, and insists (1) that only the second will fail to be appreciated, while the first will from its very nature impress the listener with its logic, and (2) that this has always been the case. But, in the first place, as Mr. Newman's own development shows, there is a limit to the receptivity of one's ear; and so, in the second place, a great deal of harmony that we recognize today as talking sense was not appreciated at first. Mr. Newman points out that there were some who judged rightly of their contemporaries, and concludes that he is safe in judging his own. But there were many who judged wrongly, and he may be wrong, too. And so he has brought us no further than we were.

"A profound break in history, that is, a rearrangement of classes in society, shakes up individuality, establishes the perception of the fundamental problems of lyric poetry from a new angle, and so saves art from eternal repetition." In the introduction to his "Literature and Revolution" (International Publishers) Leon Trotsky thus postulates the existence of a new post-revolutionary art. In order to put his finger on the break, he devotes a chapter to pre-revolutionary art, sparing no words in expressing

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his contempt for the literature which was created by hangers on of the governing and capitalistic class. From the point of view of both critic and revolutionist, this epoch bore no fruit that could sustain the proletariat. In his succeeding chapter on literary "fellow travelers" he describes the various schools of transitional art from which any new literature in Russia must be born. Such writers as Kliuev, Yessenin, Ivanov, and the more familiar names of Nikitin and Pilnyak he analyzes with a scrutiny that is partly literary and partly political. Futurism he calls a link between the creative intelligentsia and the people, to be regarded therefore as an important step forward. Though he describes the Formalist school as "arrogant and immature", he gives the devil his due in praising its scrupulous, if bigoted, attention to technique. If we cannot follow Trotsky clear through to his glowing predictions of a greater Socialist art where "the forms of life will become dynamically dramatic", we can get from this sharply outlined analysis and positive criticism some sort of picture of contemporary art developments in Russia today. It is not too much to say, also, that much of the clearness of the book is due to its expert translation, in the hands of Rose Strunsky.

In "The Muse in Council" (Houghton Mifflin), John Drinkwater endeavors to "relate to the theory of poetry and the practise of several poets". He considers, in turn, the poet in regard to tradition, conduct, and communication, and adopts the general attitude toward poetry governing all the various conditions of the art. His outlook is not biased with favoritism, and Mr. Drinkwater looks benignly, albeit critically, upon both the ancient and modern altars of poetry. His treatment of Rupert Brooke is touched with real beauty and understanding. He states frankly that he does not expect people to agree with everything he says nor even, perhaps, with a majority of his views. However, whatever attitude one may take toward the "ecstatic muse", one will be sure to find in this fair minded and candid volume a most interesting expression on poetry by a poet of no mean reputation.

Here is one poet who has time to stand and stare. W. H. Davies, whose "Selected Poems" (Harcourt, Brace) have recently appeared, is not of any known school, though he follows the traditions of Blake and Wordsworth more nearly than he does the moderns. Indeed for all the twentieth century influence he betrays, he might have written a hundred years ago. His diction is clear and possesses a rightness that never calls attention to itself. He sees life with as fresh a light on it as on grass after a rain, and his craftsmanship has no unlovely contours. Woodcuts by Stephen Bone illustrate the book, catching exceedingly well the atmosphere.

It is agreeable to quit for a time the company of jazzing flappers, cocktail mixers, and modern grandmothers, in order to join Arthur Train "On the Trail of the Bad Men" (Scribner). Being deluged with prosaic facts usually means being correspondingly bored, but that is not possible in this instance. With humor, and in readable fiction form, Mr. Train succeeds in giving some interesting and amusing information on both old and modern law. His book will instruct you gratis on "Is it a crime to be rich?", on marriage and divorce, on being a juror, on just what happens if your dog steals, bites, and trespasses, and the astonishing trials of animals about the year

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1400. One only regrets that, with such easy fluency, more actual facts happened to be omitted.

Robert Lynd has that species of mild mannered, middle class, middle-of-the-road English humanity which makes for modest charm in the hands of the intelligent essayist who leans toward conformity rather than intolerance. In his new volume, "The Peal of Bells" (Appleton), his pointed pleasantries are pleasant enough without being too pointed, proving that you can escape obviousness without necessarily bristling with prejudice and eccentricity. His essays are well within the English tradition. Suave rather than sprightly, his humor and fancy play about the well known truths with a gentle lambent glow that saves him from extinction without quite flashing into distinction.

"Best Books, and the Very Best" according to Heywood Broun, the curse of billboards, our changing civilization, southern factory towns, Roosevelt's manly virtues, Walter Lippmann's (New York "World") politics, Van Wyck Brooks's highbrows and lowbrows, how they do it at Eton according to A. C. Benson, at Western Reserve according to President Emeritus Thwing, and in Columbia's Dramatic Museum according to Brander Matthews—these are some of the things a young boy as well as a young girl ought to know. All these things, as well as a dash of Charles Dudley Warner, Colonel Higginson, and the author of "A Man Without a Country", have been dumped into this second series of "Forum Papers" (Duffield), edited for high school use by Charles Robert Gaston, Ph.D. And if all this makes another safe and sane anthology for high school juniors and seniors, "Freshman Readings" (Houghton Mifflin), compiled by Roger Sherman Loomis, lecturer in English at Columbia University, makes still another, "still more so". Autobiography, exposition, character sketches, narratives, "definitions", essays, editorials, and a Seligman-Scott Nearing debate touch almost everything — save verse and playwriting — that can legitimately shoulder into a freshman English year. Most personal touch of all here, however, to make this anthology practical, is its inclusion of such more or less unorthodox fellows of yesterday as Hazlitt and Huxley; and Max Eastman, Sinclair Lewis, John Dos Passos, Shaw, Mencken, Santayana, Henry Adams, James Harvey Robinson, Bertrand Russell, and Scott Nearing of today. But, not strangely, this book, dedicated to Frank A. Patterson and Donald Lemen Clark, presents generally pretty "safe" selections from these individualistic gentlemen. Many of these voluminous selections seem not to be the best ones but the worst ones. To cap the climax, Columbia's old trick of parading "colleagues and friends" from Pulitzer to — purgatory — obtrudes.

"Edward Everett, Orator and Statesman" by Paul Revere Frothingham (Houghton Mifflin) is a biography that gives back a lost reality to one of the most picturesque figures of early American history. Everett's long and richly varied career, largely political but partly literary, partly editorial, partly academic, is perhaps not so well remembered today as the man's attainments merit; but none of the blame is Dr. Frothingham's if Everett is not resurrected into popularity, for the biographer has performed a thoroughgoing as well as an interesting piece of work.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America

Nine biographies, four of them "auto", out of twelve most popular general works in June. What lies behind the current passion for the study of the private lives of persons many of whom are not in any real sense famous or well known? One suspects here, as in many other manifestations of public taste, the influence of the movies. In the beginnings of the cinema, the moving shadow shapes upon the screen were as impersonal as the characters in a novel. But the primitive human craving for reality has led to the creation of press agent myths which have established a cult of "fans" to whom the personalities of the actors themselves are more interesting than those they portray on the screen. From the same social stratum as these fans has been developed the reading class which supports the enormous output of "true" magazines, whose fiction is written in the first person and whose stories are never twice attributed to the same author. The next stage in the literary education of this class is biography. Fed on the pictorial daily press and the movie, hundreds of thousands are reading biography in blissful unawareness that what they are reading is "literature".

—F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	The Little French Girl	*Anne Douglas Sedgwick*	HOUGHTON
2.	Arrowsmith	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
3.	The White Monkey	*John Galsworthy*	SCRIBNER
4.	The Constant Nymph	*Margaret Kennedy*	DOUBLEDAY
5.	The Green Hat	*Michael Arlen*	DORAN
6.	So Big	*Edna Ferber*	DOUBLEDAY
7.	Soundings	*A. Hamilton Gibbs*	LITTLE
8.	The Thundering Herd	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
9.	The Mother's Recompense *	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
10.	The Carolinian	*Rafael Sabatini*	HOUGHTON
11.	The Reckless Lady *	*Philip Gibbs*	DORAN
12.	Love *	*"Elizabeth"*	DOUBLEDAY

GENERAL

1.	Mark Twain's Autobiography	*Samuel L. Clemens*	HARPER
2.	John Keats	*Amy Lowell*	HOUGHTON
3.	Twice Thirty	*Edward W. Bok*	SCRIBNER
4.	Ariel: The Life of Shelley	*André Maurois*	APPLETON
5.	Saint Joan	*George Bernard Shaw*	BRENTANO
6.	The New Decalogue of Science	*Albert Edward Wiggam*	BOBBS
7.	Woodrow Wilson	*William Allen White*	HOUGHTON
8.	The Fruit of the Family Tree	*Albert Edward Wiggam*	BOBBS
9.	My Garden of Memory	*Kate Douglas Wiggin*	HOUGHTON
10.	Life and Letters of Walter H. Page	*Burton J. Hendrick*	DOUBLEDAY
11.	A Woman of Fifty *	*Rheta Childe Dorr*	FUNK & WAGNALLS
12.	Etiquette	*Emily Post*	FUNK & WAGNALLS

* This title has not before appeared in the Monthly Score.

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THE SEVEN SEAS

The P. E. N. Club Convention in Paris—The Revolt of the "Nègres"—A Book about Paris—The Last Years of Rodin—The Sorrows of a Fat Man—La Brière—Shakespeare in Sweden—A Novelist from Holland—Germany and Magazines—Authors who Write in English.

THE outstanding literary event of the past few months in Paris was the convention of the P. E. N. Clubs, which I mentioned briefly in my last notes. The P. E. N. is an international association of Poets and Playwrights, Essayists and Editors, and Novelists. Founded several years ago in London by Mrs. Dawson Scott, it now numbers some three thousand members living in twenty two different countries.

The gathering at Paris was a distinguished one, the speakers at the banquet including, in addition to John Galsworthy, president of the English centre, Paul Valéry and Georges Duhamel, who spoke in the name of the Cercle Littéraire International (the French branch of the P. E. N.), Gertrude Atherton from America, Pirandello from Italy, Heinrich Mann from Germany, Alexandre Kuprin from Russia, Johann Bojer from Scandinavia, and Miguel de Unamuno from Spain. Besides Mrs. Atherton, there were present other well known American authors: Alice Hegan Rice and Cale Young Rice, Gelett Burgess, Lula Vollmer, W. E. Woodward, the official delegate from the American P. E. N. Club, Henry K. Marks, whose novel "Undertow" has proved so successful in French, Martin Flavin the playwright, and Pierre Loving.

During the executive sessions various important matters connected with the international activities of the club were discussed. It was agreed that the next meeting should be held in Berlin during May, 1926. It was interesting to note during the discussions the way in which the various delegates, while maintaining their national point of view, were willing to accept suggestions, to make concessions, and to work in harmony for the common good. Among the countries which took active part in the different discussions were Belgium, Germany, England, Italy, Roumania, Austria, Poland, Mexico, the United States, Spain, and Holland.

Throughout the convention the presence and enthusiasm of John Galsworthy contributed largely to its success. Although Mr. Galsworthy was far from well (he had been in bed for a week with influenza before leaving England and fell a victim to typhoid fever early in June), his idealism animated and stimulated the delegates. The social side of the meeting was tactfully and successfully managed by Benjamin Crémieux, secretary of the French Cercle Littéraire International.

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Teachers and parents frequently find it difficult to choose suitable reading matter in French for Anglo-Saxon boys and girls of the high school age. I feel justified in predicting that young people will enjoy a new series of volumes entitled "Nobles Vies: Grandes

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Œuvres" which the Librairie Plon has begun to publish. Written especially for young people by such well known authors as Henry Bordeaux, René Bazin, Paul Appell, Mary Duclaux, Paul Hazard, and Georges Goyau, these books describe in a simple yet vivid way the lives and aspirations of such men as Guynemer the airman, J. H. Fabre the naturalist, Charles de Foucault, the explorer of the Sahara, Victor Hugo, and other famous personalities.

* * * *

The heroic side of prominent men and women, especially if they are our contemporaries, interests us less as a rule than their "human, all too human" characteristics. Two volumes, "Le Gazetier Indiscret" and "Le Théâtre Indiscret", provide an interesting peep behind the scenes of the Parisian literary and dramatic world, catch authors, publishers, producers, and actresses off their guard, and report a number of the most piquant anecdotes which have formed a part of the *chronique scandaleuse* during the past twelve months. Though the public abroad is not likely to know all the people whose saying and doings the authors have chronicled so maliciously, the foreign reader can still appreciate the wit and sparkle of their repartee. Enough figures of international reputation like Cécile Sorel, Paul Morand, Jean Cocteau, Anatole France, Pirandello, Madame Simone, and Léon Bakst are mentioned to satisfy the most inveterate lion hunter.

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Something of a storm in Paris publishing circles has recently been provoked by what may be called "The Revolt of the *Nègres*". In Parisian slang a *nègre* is not a gentleman of color but one of those unfortunate scribes who, for a mere pittance, supply their more celebrated colleagues with material which the latter publish over their own signatures. It might be added that this reprehensible system is by no means confined to the banks of the Seine. The enterprising "Journal Littéraire" came out with several articles on the subject, going so far as to give names and figures. Naturally these exposures aroused a burst of denials and protests. Two of the authors particularly incriminated were Willy, whose famous "Claudine" series is now generally admitted to be the work of Madame Colette, and Félicien Champsaur, whose name has been affixed to any number of "shilling shockers" which sell in thousands of copies all over the world.

The employment of a *nègre* is in no sense limited to professional novelists. In fact, it is still more common among celebrities who, having achieved notoriety in some walk of life in which a literary training is not necessary, consent, either for the added glory or more tangible returns, to inform the public how they become famous or tell some "inside" stories about their profession. One of the best known French *nègres*, the humorist Curnonsky, admitted recently that he had been employed both by a well known comic actor to write a novel of stage life and by a member of the d'Orléans family to describe his exploits in big game hunting in Africa. Curnonsky added: "Not a single critic recognized how much alike the two books were!"

* * * *

Lovers of Paris everywhere will rejoice in the album of illustrations accompanied by explicative text which Marcel Poète has just issued as the second part of his monumental work

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"Une Vie de Cité: Paris de sa Naissance à Nos Jours". The first volume of this *magnum opus* appeared about a year ago and was received with enthusiastic praise from critics both in France and abroad. As director of the important Institut d'Histoire et de Géographie de la Ville de Paris, Marcel Poéte has had exceptional opportunities for collecting unusual and little known material. He has made good use of these facilities. But he is not only an historian, satisfied with retracing the story of the city's development from pre-Roman times down to our own day. He is also an artist and knows how to sustain the reader's interest. Just as in the earlier work Poète did not confine himself to dry municipal records but enlivened his pages with a wealth of anecdote drawn from the popular literature of the time, the street songs, satiric pamphlets, and even fiction, so in the present volume he gives us much more than a mere collection of photographs of various historical remains. On the contrary, a great number of the six hundred illustrations in this attractively produced work are taken from illuminated manuscripts, old engravings, caricatures of the eighteenth century, fashion plates, and the drawings of Gavarni and Daumier. The life of the Parisian of bygone days is thus vividly reproduced. The text which comments on the pictures and links them together is simple, entertaining, and authoritative.

* * * *

Marcelle Tirel's book, "The Last Years of Rodin", bears the stamp of truth. In spite of the considerable literature which has sprung up round the majestic figure of the greatest of modern sculptors, this curious study of his private life sheds new light on his extremely complex personality. Marcelle Tirel was Rodin's secretary and typist. In this outspoken book she has given us an intimate glimpse of the last eleven years of his life. Mme. Tirel reveals candidly but not unsympathetically the pettinesses, vanities, amours, extravagances and follies of the Master. She describes Rodin's lifelong attachment to Marie-Rose Beuret, whom he met as a young man and whom he married a few months before his death. It is the kind of romance only to be associated with genius. The book has had the inevitable *succès de scandale* in Paris and is now published in England by A. M. Philpot, Ltd.

* * * *

Henri Béraud, author of "The Sorrows of a Fat Man", is substantial enough in girth and agile enough with his pen to deserve the designation of the G. K. Chesterton of France.

In this amusing book he tilts indulgently at the physical disabilities of fat men. "Le Martyre de l'Obèse" — to give the book its original title — and his historical novel "Le Vitriol de Lune" were awarded the Prix Goncourt. Béraud is acknowledged to be one of the most able and vigorous journalists in France. The cloven hoof of the born journalist is discernible in the dedication page of "The Sorrows of a Fat Man", which contains a list of the most celebrated fat Frenchmen of our time, including Joffre, Herriot, Lucien Guitry, Pierre Benoit, and Robert Dieudonné. To them, says Béraud, "I dedicate this book which the thin will take as a work of humor".

* * * *

A new novel by Alphonse de Châteaubriant is a literary event. His new work, "La Brière", is a sombre tragedy of the soil. La Brière is a district at

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the mouth of the Loire. The Brieron peasants live by digging and selling peat. Aoustin, the dominant figure in this powerful story, is a dour, inflexible man, unloved and unloving — a product of the relentless soil. The misfortunes which overtake him — his son's marriage to a girl from hated Brittany, his wife and daughter's deceit owing to their terror of his harshness, the loss of his powerful position as "guard" of the district, and the tragedy of his daughter and her lover — culminate in a climax which for dramatic quality has few equals in modern literature. "La Brière" reminds one irresistibly of Thomas Hardy. The book will be published in England by Thornton Butterworth.

* * * *

An admirable study of Shakespeare for Swedish readers has been produced by Dr. Brunius, who will be remembered as the author of a useful little book on modern English literature. The 150 pages of his book "William Shakespeare: Liv, Drama, Theater" (Bokforlaget Natur och Kultur: Stockholm) are tastefully illustrated. Dr. Brunius holds the view that Shakespeare deliberately obscured his own personality in his work.

* * * *

Now that Louis Couperus is dead, Jo van Ammers-Kuller is entitled to be regarded as Holland's most distinguished living novelist. "The House of Joy" was her first novel to be translated. It met with considerable success when published in England recently by Philpot. Her visit recently to New York probably foreshadows the introduction of her work to American readers. The book on which she is now at work is to be a Dutch "Milestones", and tells the story of three Dutch women in 1830, 1870, and the present day. Mevrouw van Ammers-Kuller is a charming woman who speaks English fluently.

* * * *

Marjorie Bowen is so justly celebrated for her admirable historical romances and short stories that her keen interest in Holland and the Dutch people is apt to be overlooked. It will, however, find expression in the forthcoming publication of her book on the Netherlands, entitled "The Swimming Lion". The title of course has heraldic significance. "The Swimming Lion" has involved several years of research and should prove a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the country, its history and its people. It contains some exceptionally fine illustrations and will be published simultaneously in England and Holland.

* * * *

A notable development is the increasing number of new magazines — both illustrated and fiction — which are now being issued in Germany. Hitherto, the fiction magazine in particular has never been excessively popular outside America and England, and Germany's suddenly awakened interest is rather surprising. When the German does anything, he does it thoroughly, and in respect of both material and production these new publications promise to rival the best English and American magazines.

* * * *

The Norwegian translation rights of "The Passionate Flight" by Martha Ostenso — which won the $13,500 prize in the recent prize novel competition organized by "Pictorial Review", Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, and Famous Players-Lasky — have

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just been sold for a record sum. Miss Ostenso herself is a Norwegian by birth, but left her native country for America at the age of two. She is using part of her prize money in paying her first visit to England and in going to Norway. "The Passionate Flight" will be published this fall by Dodd, Mead, and by Hodder and Stoughton in England. It has been pronounced by critics who have read it to be as good as "Growth of the Soil". Miss Ostenso is an attractive twenty four year old school teacher from the northwest.

* * * *

The French market for translated American and English books is moribund, if not actually dead. A firm of international literary agents declare that it is easier to sell a book in Hottentot than in France at the present time. The insularity of the French has never been more unfortunately demonstrated than in their publishers' reluctance and, frequently, blank refusal to consider the publication of the work of English and American authors. They politely but firmly point to the inevitable "better book" by a Frenchman when an English or American book on the same subject is suggested — a curious repudiation of the essential cosmopolitanism of literature.

Germany, by way of contrast, has just bought the translation rights of all May Sinclair's novels. The first to be published is "Mr. Waddington of Wyck". Another author whose entire output has been contracted for is Peter B. Kyne — this time by Spain.

Arpad Ferenczy, the clever Hungarian who wrote "The Ants of Anthony Thummel", a satire on the present condition of Europe, has now published a book called "Kunala", a collection of Indian tales. Mr. Ferenczy is an ardent misogynist, if we are to credit the main motif of the fifteen tales in this volume. Nevertheless, "Kunala" has what the film critics call "entertainment value".

* * * *

Another Hungarian author who writes in English is Dr. Geza Roheim, the young anthropologist whose study of "Australian Totemism: A Psychoanalytic Study in Anthropology" is due for publication shortly.

An interesting list could be made of foreign authors who have written in English in preference to their mother tongues. Pride of place must of course be given to Joseph Conrad. Other names which at once suggest themselves include Paul Selver, the Czech author of "Schooling" (published by A. & C. Boni), that satirical novel of English school life, and the translator of the famous Capek plays "R. U. R." and "The World We Live In"; Odette Keun, author of "My Adventures in Bolshevik Russia", an anonymous novel which created a sensation in England, and now "Prince Tariel", a vivid and memorable novel of Georgia; and, of course, that brilliant Armenian, Dikran Kouyoumdjian, better known on both sides of the ocean as Michael Arlen.

MICHAEL JOSEPH

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IN THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL

MY DEAR EDITOR:

Since I live where all good things from the States come late, I have only now had the opportunity to read Mr. McFee's piquant article in the March BOOKMAN anent "The Lady and the Carpet". The remoteness of the date, I hope, will not rule my comments out of court.

I am surprised that a man of Mr. McFee's own cultural attainments can view any attempt to acquire culture, however superficial, as less than laudable. The milieu in which the average life is passed is so preponderantly commercial and acquisitive that any sign of dissatisfaction in that milieu ought to be heralded abroad with joy instead of ridiculed by the superior ones who inhabit a higher plane.

But the main theme really seems to be a disgruntled feeling toward women as a class. That is probably to be accounted for by the age old, instinctive war between the sexes of which we hear less and less in these psychoanalyzed times. However, let me call Mr. McFee's attention to a few masculine types who are always among those present on every ship that sails the seas. Opposites ever prove excellent foil. Possibly with this little reminder he may be able to revise his pronunciamento regarding the worthlessness of the feminine pursuit of culture overseas when he has compared it with the persiflage and dalliance *per se* which seem to be the chief reason why men travel.

Who has not observed the Adonis-like married man off for a holiday alone, his successful efforts to convince a soulful but guileless young woman that he is a fancy free young bachelor longing to be appropriated, his careful avoidance of all conversation which would incriminate himself with reference to wife and children? Then on the last day but one before landing someone's inconvenient memory wrecks the foundations of the castle built by his suppressions; the end is disillusionment and estrangement, if nothing more.

One's sporting spirit is less outraged only by the spectacle of the insouciant young blood of much means and no scruples whose one ambition is to add to his belt the heart of every personable woman aboard, only to toss aside the cumbersome load for the beautiful houri who waits on the dock. What gnashing of teeth and bitter enmities are left behind him!

Just one more example out of the myriads which might be cited — that of the fatuous and luxury loving bachelor no longer young who never could induce a rich woman to take him seriously, but who still has hopes. It is tragic to see him staying up over-late at night, pathetically determined that even the least comely of the reputed young heiresses shall not escape him. But even these heartlessly and mockingly leave him for younger fortune hunters, and he is obliged to plod the deck alone, wearily trying to puzzle out how he may continue to make ends meet and still live like a king.

Can anyone honestly say that these masculine types are more worthy than the women who frankly and avowedly desire culture and who go after it?

Truly yours,

B. B. L.

SIR:

In your issue for June "The Londoner" quotes a letter of mine to the London "Daily News" regarding Jane Austen's "Sanditon", calls me, among other things, a literary "protectionist", and counsels me to patience.

I am amazed to find this kind of viewpoint not only being exported to America but getting reproduced there as representative of English literary thought. Far from welcoming the resurrection of fourth rate "classical" oddments, the average English author, like the average English reader, most probably deplores such ill considered enterprise, and would be prepared to admit, in his more candid moments at least, the shrewdness of a definition once propounded by your own deep thinker, Mark Twain — himself a good, honest, wholesome hater of humbug in general and Jane-Austenism in particular — to the effect that "a classic is a book everybody praises and nobody reads".

"The Londoner" further observes that in England every book has the circulation it deserves. The English public had already returned its verdict on "Sanditon" by according the book an extremely cool reception. But that was not enough for the Jane-Austenists. One of them filled an entire literary column of the London "Daily News" with an attempt to flog up interest in this inferior fragment which the public so evidently didn't want, and no doubt several living writers had their hard work crowded out of the public notice in consequence. Hence my protest.

I suggest that it is the Jane-Austenists

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who are for "protection", not we, the younger generation of present day authors. All we ask is a fair field and no favor, every book to be judged on its intrinsic merits, a resurrected "classical" oddment *not* to benefit by all the cant-praise that may have been lavished on its author since he or she died. And when "The Londoner" advises me to possess my soul in patience, I can only quote Kipling to him:

> The toad beneath the harrow knows
> Exactly where each tooth-point goes;
> The butterfly upon the road
> Preaches contentment to that toad.

Faithfully yours,
GILBERT COLLINS.

DEAR SIR:
In Mr. J. A. Steuart's recently published work "Robert Louis Stevenson", issued by Messrs. Little, Brown and Co. and reviewed in your January issue, an error occurs on page 275 of the second volume relative to the portrait of R. L. S. by Count Nerli.

The author says: "One such visitor was Signor Nerli, the Italian artist who painted Stevenson's portrait and was himself made the subject of a set of comic verses."

In a footnote he says: "The Nerli portrait came into the possession of Mr. J. R. Tyrell of Sydney who sold it to the late Sir Thomas Anderson Stuart." . . . It was recently sold at the Stuart sale in Sydney. . . . It is now in the National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh."

These extracts from Mr. Steuart's book are incorrect. The Nerli portrait of R. L. S. mentioned above was sold by the artist himself to Messrs. Angus and Robertson of Sydney some 25 years ago; it then passed into the possession of Prof. Sir Thomas Anderson Stuart of the Sydney University, from whose widow I purchased both portrait and the journal of the artist containing the verses written by R. L. S. about Nerli.

These are still in my possession. The picture is a finished lifesize portrait in oils signed by the artist and sitter both and is not to be confused with another in Scotland which I believe to be a water color and much smaller, reproduced as a frontispiece to Mr. Steuart's second volume.

I would be pleased if you would publish this correction, as I intend forwarding this portrait by Nerli to Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge during this year, and much misunderstanding may occur through the error. I am,

Yours very sincerely,
F. A. MALCOLM,
Sydney, Australia.

MY DEAR MR. FARRAR:
The New Yorker in the May BOOKMAN says there is only praise for "The Constant Nymph". For its craftsmanship, yes — but it is so delightful that one is impatient with it for not being convincing. It deals cleanly with the unclean; it makes the racy usual, quite in the best French way. But unlike great French work it is not content with this, for the author sneers subtly at everything that is ordered or moral.

In her description of life at the Karindehütte Miss Kennedy comes near achieving an impersonal attitude toward her characters, giving the reader's sympathies plenty of rope. You can like the Sanger group or not as you please. But the moment Florence — who resembles the wife in "If Winter Comes" — enters, the author begins to tighten the cord inch by inch till by the time the group are fairly settled in England you are attached to the Sanger interests. You despise Millicent who is merely catty, and sympathize with Lewis who is so much a cad that any virile man would want to boot him for the good of his soul. He seems to be an emotional moron. He is represented as loving Tessa to the point of eloping with her, yet apparently feels no passion, and no tenderness beyond a few vague impulses.

The author is at great pains to depict all the cold discomfort of Florence's orderliness but fails even to suggest the flies and vermin and nauseating smells that are wont to attend upon such a ménage as the Sangers' — even among Alpine breezes.

Again, the author makes Florence's weaknesses seem unpardonable because of her superior environment, yet makes a similar environment an excuse for Lewis's early lapses. Miss Kennedy's rulings always seem to be in favor of the Sangers. And in the last of the book some of the situations seem rather constructed than inevitable. All this makes for a good yarn, but is it sincere art?

Very sincerely yours,
LILY MUNSELL RITCHIE.

DEAR SIR:
Perhaps reading two numbers of THE BOOKMAN in succession in one day has warped my viewpoint, but does it not seem that at least a good many of your contributors and the contributors to other bookish magazines also, hold too low a view of the business man? I plead guilty to being a mere business man, even worse, I am a Rotarian, and I cannot help wondering what would become of the writers if there were no business men to buy their books.

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and provide the advertising that sustains the magazines. I suppose in an ideal world, the people who write could sustain each other, much as the inhabitants of the Scilly Islands do, by taking in each other's washing, but till that golden age arrives I am afraid the contemned business man must be tolerated, and might be treated with kindness. After all, not every business man prefers Eddie Guest to Amy Lowell. But the sad thing is that no business men can admire each other with the unadulterated pride that young writers do.

Yours very truly,

HARRY E. MAGEE.

DEAR MR. FARRAR:

The little article in THE BOOKMAN called "Naughty Mr. Belasco" led the writer, when on a recent visit to New York, to see the three plays therein lauded ("Candida", "They Knew What They Wanted", and "What Price Glory?").

If these three plays are the best New York can offer, it is a sad commentary on New York. They all deal with illicit love, and while they may be true to the segment of life with which they deal, audiences must be weary of looking at these unpleasant segments microscopically delineated by the plays of today.

Do we not get enough of the sordid and commonplace in the newspapers and life generally? Why must we be compelled to grovel in it? This does not apply to "Candida", which like many of Bernard Shaw's plays is food for the intellect, appreciated better in the reading than on the stage. It is incongruous, as it is acted. The poet, who causes the minister-husband such anguish, in the play seemed crazy enough to be locked up, and too absolutely unattractive to ensnare any sane woman.

We have heard "What Price Glory?" mentioned as by far the best play in New York. All through it, we waited for something to lift it out of the purely sordid, to get a glimpse of the other side of the picture, but we left disappointed. There is another side to the picture. Is any detached segment of life true that only gives one half the truth, and leaves the uninformed with a false impression of the world war as a whole? Half truths have been ranked as worse than lies, as being harder to refute. Is anything a work of art that deals in half truths?

The acting in "They Knew What They Wanted", with Bennett in the leading rôle, was superb, but as before stated, we are weary of the exploitation of the drab experiences of the low life of near morons.

Give us something appetizing for a change, and stop feeding us husks, they are too strong for a steady diet.

MARIE TELLO PHILLIPS.

DEAR MR. FARRAR:

In the May issue of THE BOOKMAN Simon Pure quotes the English nurseryman and points out the highly colored language in which he presents his wares to the public. These quotations have eloquence and beauty, and the style might well be adapted to some of our American advertising which runs too frequently to "cliché" and convention.

The florist, however, whose advertising appeared in Chicago some time ago cannot be accused of the commonplace or the "cliché". His street car cards are little gems of poetic beauty. Here is one:

A GLIMPSE OF PARADISE

The windows of the Master Florist now ablossom with the beauty of the earth, give each day to the passer-by a little hint of heaven.

And for a poetic interpretation of the hackneyed "DO IT NOW", what can compare with the following:

SUMMER PARADISE

Bathe now in their beauty. Bask in their brightness, for in a few short weeks they go, and with them goes some of life's sunshine.

The Master Florist

No, neither of these "ads" told the passenger to "SAY IT WITH FLOWERS".

JOSEPH T. SCALLON.

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

CLEMENT SHORTER has recently made some ridiculous assertions in the English press about Amy Lowell's death. With the instinct of a true journalist, he has found it probable that Edmund Gosse, J. C. Squire, and a few other English reviewers who did not feel, as most of us in this country do, that Miss Lowell's "John Keats" is a great biography, were active agents in bringing about the death of this heroic woman. Fortunately, editorial writers have come to Miss Lowell's defense. No more absurd conjecture has ever been made. Mr. Shorter claims to have had a letter from Miss Lowell which showed great bitterness concerning her English reviewers. The letter, a copy of which I have seen, shows only amusement, to my way of thinking! I talked to her about these same reviewers, and I can assure Mr. Shorter that had she lived to make the English excursion, he and the other gentlemen concerned would have found out how very little indeed any critic could affect Miss Lowell's health, or her poise, or her courage to accomplish the work she had apportioned to herself. Surely J. C. Squire could tell Mr. Gosse how wrong he was, for his own encounter with her must have convinced him that she was not a person to mope over her reviewers. If her friends have leaped to her defense and given Mr. Shorter the publicity which he must have known would result, it is only because they feared that someone who did not know her might have misunderstood a personality that was always triumphant, and a genius that was constant and entirely serene.

Sinclair Lewis has returned again to America. He is about to undertake a book which gives him a better chance than anything since "Main Street". I have not seen the subject announced, and I don't want to betray a confidence, so I shall let you guess as to the particular section of American buncombe he is about to attack. At any rate, under the circumstances I judge that he himself will be a character; if not the hero, certainly a close relative. Edna Ferber vanished suddenly from town. One day I heard she was going to Vermont, the next, her mother told me she had sailed for Europe. She writes from St. Jean-de-Luz, "I'm in Europe for some obscure reason. I'm more surprised than anyone to find myself on the other side of the ocean. I didn't in the least mean to go. . . . The ocean is just below my window (don't you loathe letters that say that!), and the Pyrenees are purpling the horizon!". People are most kind to remember me in the heat. I hope Miss Ferber is working on the new novel now, or swimming on the delightful beach pictured at the top of her letter, or sailing in one of those silly little sailboats of the varicolors. Thomas Boyd writes from Woodstock, Vermont, that he has finished his new book, and that the scenery takes his breath away constantly. How could he help liking the scenery? You should have gone to Vermont, Miss Ferber. I remember the first time I ever saw the Pyrenees. True, they are lovely; but a trifle austere, don't you think? They cannot touch Escutney under a purple haze, or the Twin Peaks swirled around with early morning cloud. There are

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those, too, who favor Connecticut: Genevieve Taggard, for example, who comes to town only once in a dog's age (she has just written a charming piece about cats). She arrived this morning with two manuscripts under her arm, one the "Masses and Liberator" anthology of poetry, over which she has been working for three years; the other, her own new volume of poetry, "Time Out". Taking care of her young child up in Connecticut has not changed her greatly. She is still one of the six beautiful American poetesses. Fast on her heels arrived Joseph Auslander and Leslie Nelson Jennings. Mr. Jennings, one of the members of the staff of the defunct "Current Opinion", has turned again to writing verses. Joseph Auslander has completed a play, and a volume of verses dealing with industrial subjects. He says that he is perfectly willing to be persuaded to lecture, if the occasion arises. Surely a poet with a mustache should be popular.

The Players Club revival of "Trelawney of the Wells" was marked by much gaiety as well as pomp, and John Drew's masterly performance was cheered to the echo! The success of this venture in the warmest week of the summer proves not only that the New York public is interested in revivals, but also that the Players Club has established its annual affair in a most creditable and profitable manner. Laurette Taylor made a beautiful Trelawney, and the cast was a jolly and a vigorous one in spite of the temperature. The lady behind me spent the entire evening saying, "It is much too hot to go to the theatre." Well, it was much too hot to stay at home! Talking about the heat seems to me to involve a certain principle of physics. You say "Isn't it hot?" and you relieve your mind of a heat thought, which must necessarily be absorbed by the person who hears your remark. It isn't fair! This caricature of the president of the Players was made by Roland Young,

John Drew

and published in his book of caricatures, "Actors and Others". Young, I haven't seen in some time. His performance in "Beggar on Horseback" will long be remembered as one of grace and effectiveness. His caricatures are good, though of course they cannot touch those of Ralph Barton. Barton, by the way, has just returned from Paris, where he says that he can find more American celebrities to limn than is possible in New York City. I saw Joseph Hergesheimer give the artist, who was making pictures between acts at "Artists and Models", a crisp bill, and I couldn't make out what he did it for. Was he paying for the suppression of a caricature, had he bought a sketch of the lady he was with, or what? Perhaps it does not matter. It was a noble gesture. Hergesheimer gains in distinction as the years go by. He was one of the most impressive figures at the Winter Garden last night, not counting, of course, the Gertrude Hoffman girls. His book about his house in West Chester is going to ap-

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pear this autumn, and the old house won't know itself.

About once a year, from his farm in Fayetteville, Arkansas, comes to the great city Charles J. Finger, short story writer, children's story writer, romantic biographer, editor of "All's Well". His sturdy appearance and his homespun suits give the office a new tone. His laugh and his ability to tell the unusual anecdote are a blessing. He told me of a recent visit Carl Sandburg paid him in the wilds of Arkansas. Carl never comes to see me any more, when he arrives in New York. Occasionally he used to spare me a breakfast, which is his favorite meal; but I'll forgive him, for he's been exceedingly busy on his Life of Lincoln. Mr. Finger has a new book coming along for autumn publication. It's to be another series of portraits and he's calling it something pleasantly vicious like "Romantic Rascals", "Ribald Rogues", or "Raucous Rakes", I forget which. He told me about Carl's visit, then I found it all written out in his magazine, so I'll let him tell it in his own words:

We had been sitting on a hillside overlooking a great stretch of country, and our talk was mainly of the songs of hoboes and of waterside men. I hummed a tune or two and he pricked it down in some queer notation of his own which was quite incomprehensible to me. Presently, as he talked, I fell to watching the ants on an ant trail at my feet, while listening. In the middle of a sentence Sandburg stopped abruptly, but I did not look up, supposing him to be pondering. There are often chasms in his talk which you must bridge as best you can if you are unable to fly with him. Sometimes he too is elliptic. So I waited. And soon with a note of deep awe in his voice, half-whispering as if some tremendous thing had burst into view, almost indeed in the manner of a man who expressed deep emotion at sight of some sudden calamity or disaster, he said: "My God! Look at that!" Then silence fell.

The shadow of a fear was on me. I looked up, startled; glanced at him and his far-seeing eyes; looked away at the hill; looked at the ribbon of road down below half expecting some tragic sight, some tremendous force at work, perhaps something heartbreaking. There was that potent emotion in his words.

Suddenly I saw, and seeing became lifeless-still. On a slim locust thorn, not eight yards away, a cardinal was perched, a bird entrancingly beautiful in its brave red against the tender green of a tall sycamore. And when an arrow of sunlight fell on it, it

Charles J. Finger

became more brilliantly beautiful. So near it was, so clear was the light, we saw its sparkling eye, its jetty edged bill, its princely crest. As if all that loveliness was not enough, it burst into triumphant music for us until an answer in song came like an echo. For a full minute it perched in our sight, balancing delicately on the swaying branch, then took to flight, a flash of living fire, darting into the green glade where were fern-fringed boulders, bent upon some high and splendid business.

But there had been an answering rapture. In Sandburg was appreciation of the thing exquisite and fine. But who, except a true poet, can be amazed and astonished day by day?

A most interesting development of recent years is the increasing importance of the south as a book market. As a fiction market, that is; for the classics and religious books have always been in demand. But it seems to

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have taken considerable enthusiasm on the part of litterateurs to establish their point that modern fiction is worthwhile reading. A column always interesting both for its quality and its vigorous "booming" of this sort is "The Literary Lantern", run by C. A. Hibbard of Chapel Hill, North Carolina, and syndicated to a number of the most influential southern papers. I was especially attracted recently by a copy he sent me, signed "Telfair, Jr.", which he had devoted entirely to discussion of this matter under the title, "Thar's Gold in Them Hills". He listed many novels now on the stands by southern writers, more than I had thought there were. McDavid Horton, managing editor of "The State", writes me occasionally from Columbia, South Carolina, where he is the centre of a group influential in southern letters. Other promoters of the cause of the modern novel are John McClure in New Orleans and Mrs. J. K. W. Baker at Shreveport. These editors have all a profound background by which to measure and to judge, and their influence is measurably great. Who knows whether Brentano's and Womrath's are not planning to invade the south?

From Ireland and England, for a visit of ten days which he spent in golfing, riding, rushing about, came Mr. Brian Oswald Donn-Byrne, familiarly known to America as Donn Byrne. He has changed little since he left these shores two years ago. He seems larger, although one would never think of calling anyone in such good condition as Mr. Byrne, fat. He has changed little in his manner of conversation, and he has not lost his brogue, which stands him in such good stead in his books. Everyone who reads these pages must have perused by now his "Messer Marco Polo", and the later short novels are almost as good. Of these, I like best "Blind Raftery". For this opinion, he frowned on me, since it seems he considers it a trifle too full of sentiment; but I explained to him that here is one sentimental book reviewer that he will have to reckon with — when he writes a sentimental book, he will have to expect it to be liked. From his conversation I judge that he is still more interested in bookmakers than he is in authors. His knowledge of the English turf strikes me as little short of marvelous. I like horse races, myself; but one must be a very successful author in order to like them too well. Donn Byrne is now at work on a long novel dealing with the life of St. Paul. It's a great theme, and he seems much excited over it. One other short book will be published before the longer one. He says that his publishers were not more astonished by the shortness of "Messer Marco Polo" than they will be by the length of this new book. Incidentally, one of his publishers has written a new book. Barry Benefield, of the Century Company, is a small, keen gentleman who writes excellent short stories, and should write many more than he does. He has now completed a long novel which, I hear, has already been sold to the movies. It is called "The Chicken-Wagon Family"; I shall leave the book itself to explain the quixotic title. Publishers will play occasionally. Take the English Putnam's, for example. I don't know whether or not George Grubb is the responsible party; but their publicity sheet always, or often, bears a little bookish joke. I repeat two of them here so that you may judge of their quality:

MOTHER: "William, did you put father's new book in the bath this morning?"
SMALL BOY: "Yes, mother, I did. I heard father say last night that it was too dry for him."

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"Yes, my wife gets more out of a novel than anybody."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, she always starts in the middle, so she's not only wondering how it will all end, but how it began."

Dr. Richard Burton stopped in town on his way south for annual lectures. He regaled me with stories of how he was always being taken for Sir Richard Burton, and how he had finally been forced to tell one of our most intelligent publishing firms please not to forward to him any more mail addressed to that long deceased author. Mr. Burton is a gay gentleman. Years of teaching and lecturing have only served to develop his sense of humor. He has resigned from his post at the University of Minnesota. Someone sent me from Minneapolis an editorial published by the "Tribune" on his resignation. If I had the space, I should like to print the entire article, for Dr. Burton is one of my sincerest admirations. He, with William Lyon Phelps and one or two others, has made the reading of good literature more countenanced than formerly in these lands. The "Tribune" says, in part:

> Not only throughout the city and state, but throughout the entire northwest, regret at the news of Dr. Richard Burton's resignation from the university will be widespread. Much as was the case with the late Dr. Northrop, the personality of Dr. Burton has become identified with that of the institution. For a whole generation "Dickie" Burton, as the students always called him, has been one of the rallying points of the university. Old graduates will find it difficult to think the university quite the same when forced to discard the picture of the familiar stampede to the hugely popular lecture room where "Dickie" held forth — "Dickie", the boyish, the charming, and the irrepressible, who possessed the secret of turning education into a gay and joyous adventure and who knew how to make the classroom more delightful than the theatre.
>
> It is impossible not to sympathize with Dr. Burton's reason for resigning. As he himself says, after a lifetime of service at a given institution, a man ought to be entitled to a little leisure. And harassed, as he is, by multitudinous demands for books, articles, essays, and what not, he needs the leisure badly. Certainly he has richly earned his leisure, though that leisure will be diverted merely from teaching activity to literary activity. But those of us who have the best interests of the university at heart, cannot help regretting that he has not two or three lives to live, so that the students might have the privilege of coming in contact with that inimitable personality for at least another generation. Without "Dickie" the university can never be quite the university. Something of its individuality passes out.

Sixty two years old, Vance Thompson, author of "Eat and Grow Thin" and many mystery stories, died suddenly at Nice. He was both author and diplomat, and after his graduation from Princeton spent most of his time in Europe. One of our few literary diplomats, he occupied a unique place in the affections of France. During the war he served as *directeur de foyer* with their army. The death of Arthur Christopher Benson takes from us a gentle and a much loved figure. A. C. Benson was a great teacher, a fine essayist, a literary man of wide attainments. His father was the late Archbishop of Canterbury. His brother E. F. Benson is well known as a novelist. The late Hugh Benson was another brother. At his death, A. C. Benson was master of Magdalene College. He had been at one time master of Eton. Under his urbane influence came many of the brilliant young literary Englishmen. His two most loved books are "From a College Window" and "Memories and Friends".

Rockwell Kent, from his mountain fastnesses — yes, in Vermont! — has done for the National Association of Book Publishers a poster of much beauty and dignity, which I reproduce here for your delight. It is austere; but

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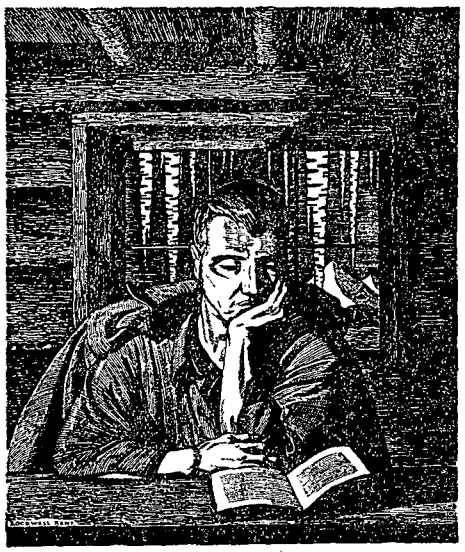
it is worthy of framing for any home. Kent is one of the real geniuses of America. His "Voyaging", of course, is a book that no one really fond of the



BOOKS MAKE the home

exquisite in book manufacture or the entertaining in travel books should miss. The Publishers' Association showed great acumen in securing him to do their poster. I have been following their advice in giving books to brides, because so many of my friends have been getting married that it has been quite impossible to give anything else; and then, what could be better anyway? I made one great error, when I presented a certain friend with an autographed Michael Arlen. Up to that time, it seems, she had not been allowed to read the gentleman. Just why, I'm sure I don't know. Anyway, her husband agreed with me that it was time she did! No one ever thinks of giving me books, while as a matter of fact I have hinted over and over again that there is a certain volume I covet. It is never forthcoming. F. P. A. talks about stockings, and he is immediately flooded with all shapes and sizes. Of course books do come in for review; but *the* book, no one has ever sent me that! My friends give me neckties, handkerchiefs, even suspenders, but nary a book — and I do really like books! More power to the Publishers' Association. I hope their campaign goes on and on until every man, woman and child in America owns a book. Why not a campaign to have hotels put good books beside the Bibles in every room? That's a real idea. Surely the great hotel managements could be made to feel that it's as important for Americans to be cultured, or nearly so, as to be Bible conscious. How about it?

Mary Johnston was in New York City recently on her way to Scotland. She says that life holds nothing better for her than to sit in a square in Edinburgh and watch the people go by. Miss Johnston is a soft voiced, gracious lady who is much puzzled by modern literary New York City. She has written some of the great best sellers of our time, and good books they are too. Her later books have been magnificent. The not appreciated "Sweet Rocket" was one of the best of them. Miss Glasgow and Miss Johnston, both of the south, strike me as being somewhat alike. Artists, both of them, and interested in writing as artists. On a second reading of two books recently, I appreciated them much more than I did at first. They were "Barren Ground" and "Drums", two finely spun tales, and both from the south. Yes, Chicago must soon give way to the country below the famous line as literary arbiter of the nation. James

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Stephens has only just returned to his native pixies and revolutions. Before he went he talked one day to the children at the New York Public Library. I could not go to hear him; but Hervey Allen tells me that it was a fine occasion, for he talked to them simply, and yet as one man to another, with no patronizing tones in his voice at all. His publishers have just issued a selected edition of his poems, with some new things. They have called it "A Poetry Recital". A splendid book it is! Could any poem be lovelier than this stanza:

All, all alone, and all without a part
Is beautiful, for beauty is all where;
Where is an eye is beauty, where an heart
Is beauty, brooding out, on empty air,
All that is lonely and is beautiful.

There have been many novelty books upon the market since the cross word puzzles usurped sanity last winter. Among them, the limerick books have bored me a good deal; but Webster's "Poker Book" is a masterpiece: that is, if you don't disapprove of poker. Personally, I think it a grand game. In Webster's book you have not only humor, but the rules of the game, chips, and many other little accessories. Games are a necessity in life. Yet some people cannot play them. It is their tragedy. They cannot play, perhaps because life became early too serious for them, or perhaps because in childhood they were not taught the necessities of competition, jovial competition. A young author came into the office the other day. Our genial publicity man, who wields a tennis racket with taste, suggested a game. "Can't", was the reply. "If you'll sail with me on the Sound, all right, but if it's one of those things called games, I'm sorry." Well, that's the way with some of us, and it's a pity. Somehow I feel that to know how to play baseball and tennis, golf, poker, bridge, even mah jong, with grace and skill and a knowledge of sportsmanship, is part of the duty of every intelligent citizen.

Edna Kenton has been editing "The Jesuit Relations" for a one volume edition soon to be published. She tells an amusing story of her library experiences. Have you ever been in one of the small study rooms at the New York Public Library? Take the oriental room, for example. You go in there and you see people reading papers that look for all the world like pieces of Egyptian papyrus. It's fascinating. Well, Edna Kenton says that she worked for months in the same room, along with several other ladies and gentlemen. Finally, one day as she was about to finish, an old gentleman who was working up some data on the Puritans asked her what she was doing. She told him. Then she showed him some of her material, and it moved him very much. The stories of these brave priests would be interesting to anyone, no matter what his creed. He asked her why she was doing it. "I'm not a Roman Catholic", she explained. "This is a piece of editing I'm doing." The old man seemed much relieved; for he was worried for fear she was a propagandist. The conversation had been overheard. Others working in the room joined in. A man preparing a story of the Seventh Day Adventists assured them that he was not an Adventist, the lady preparing a history of the Mormons was not a Mormon, and even the old gentleman so much interested in the Puritans admitted, at last, that he was not puritanical. Miss Kenton is one of the few women I know who still indulge in the art of conversation. She is rather terrifying;

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for all the world becomes meat for her epigrammatical grinder. She is so fond of situations that I have even caught her creating them among her friends, just so she can play around them with her wit. I once heard of a king — in France, I think — who was so fond of scandal that when he thought of a particularly pleasant one he sent out and commanded that it be executed. Not that Miss Kenton is like that; but she's certainly a past mistress of the quick retort. Her love of reading and studying Henry James has stood her in good stead. My idea of a perfect evening would be as a fly on the wall, hearing a conversation among Miss Kenton, Mrs. Wharton, Carl Van Vechten, and Stuart Pratt Sherman. If I were my friend the French king, I should bring this about.

Keith Preston of the Chicago "Daily News" is one of the blessedly sane people whom literary pursuit has not cost a sense of humor. In fact, the contrary might be urged. Recently he slipped this into his column:

Among our literary scenes,
Saddest this sight to me
The graves of little magazines
That died to make verse free.

Alfred Fowler of Kansas City, the man to whom Hugh Walpole dedicates his new novel, publishes some of the loveliest books, from a printing standpoint, that we have in America. Take, for example, "The Woodcut Annual for 1925". Its pages are serene in their perfect blacks and their clear and fine paper. There are good articles on various phases of the woodcut, and there are plenty of reproductions, the loveliest of all of which to me is an Albrecht Dürer "St. Christopher". I am reproducing here a "Victor Hugo" by Auguste Lepère, after the Rodin

Victor Hugo

head. Walpole and Fowler have a love of prints in common, and it will be interesting for you to note that in "The Portrait of a Man with Red Hair" both the hero, American born, and the villain, he of the red hair, have this passion for old prints. It is a passion that is expensive to indulge, but it is one which has its gentle appeal; for those who really love the black and white find many paths to wander in as they handle the delicate sheets or sit before them, well framed, on home walls.

The summer months are lightened by the play mood of our highbrow theatres. The "Garrick Gaieties" and "The Grand Street Follies" are well worth a trip to town to see. The lyrics in the former are quite the best in many months, nay, even years. If the chorus hasn't the precision of the Tiller girls, it has at least a large amount of real gaiety, and the formality of its dancing will doubtless grow as the summer progresses. Light verse in America is really prospering, even with F. P. A. in Europe. Dorothy Parker headed the famous column with a charming lyric the other day, and Vachel Lindsay has been flooding the

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country with the verses of Stoddard King from way out in Spokane. King is the Yale gentleman who distinguished himself by writing "The Long, Long Trail". His verses are excellent. I shall quote one of the many that the poet of booms and boomings has sent to me. It appeared in King's column in the "Spokesman-Review". The title is "It Doesn't Pay":

I should be gladder,
Happier indeed,
If I had never weakened
And learned to read.

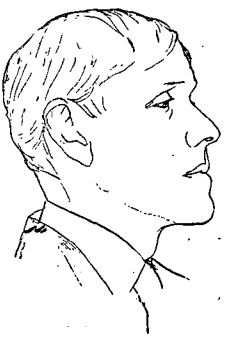
When I read bad books
I wonder sadly
Why anyone should want
To write so badly.

When I read good books
I burst out crying —
I can never write that well,
What's the use of trying?

But by far the deepest
Gloom and despair
Comes when I read books
That are just fair.

When I was a small boy
I learned to read.
That was a great mistake,
It was indeed.

Once in the countryside of Connecticut, in an old fashioned house with deep beds and wide fireplaces, I met a quiet gentleman with sandy hair and a gentle manner, who spoke of art and the roads and the state of the weather. I had not caught his name when introductions were made, and we spent several delightful days in the same house, while I called him by the wrong cognomen and everyone else called him by some other name which seemed to have no bearing on the situation. I can think of few other poets who could go so many days without making themselves or their work a part of the discussion. This was Ridgely Torrence, and he is undoubtedly one of the most important lyric poets in America. His Negro plays are well known. He is poetry editor of "The New Republic". Yet



Ridgely Torrence

he publishes seldom. "Hesperides", which now greets us in grey-green, vellum and gold, is a lovely volume. It should make a strong bid for the Pulitzer Prize next year, provided that prize is not given — as it should be — posthumously to Amy Lowell.

Henry B. Fuller is in New York City this summer. I first met him at the gate of Trinity Church, where I was serving as best man at a small wedding. "Are you being married?" he asked. "I don't think so", I replied, although the groom hadn't as yet appeared and there was some feeling on my part that the minister might insist on there being a wedding anyway. "Will you come in?" I asked, And he did. The author of "The Cliff-Dwellers" and "On the Stairs" made an excellent wedding guest. Alas, I had introduced him not only to a wedding but to an adventure. The next morning I received the following note:

Trinity churchyard is like matrimony itself — easier to get into than to get out of. After I had tried four gates I concluded that I was locked in. What to do? Well, if the several Italian workmen could get out — as it seems they must — so could I. No. 1, addressed in English, was no good. But No. 2, when told in Italian that there

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had been a wedding and that the bridegroom was an Italian himself (I didn't overlook that point!), developed an interest. He called up No. 3 — "Oh, Giovanni!" — from the cellar (of course I mean from the "crypt"), and Giovanni, as he produced his key and let me out under the Sixth Avenue L, was greatly pleased to hear that his enterprising young compatriot had graduated one day and had married the next.

Mr. Fuller has left his native Chicago in order to finish some work here in the great or rather greater city. He says that he notices one great difference between the two towns, that it is impossible to make friends with children on the New York streets. This makes him feel very sad. "When you can't make friends with children and dogs", he says, "life is very prosaic." However, in Harlem the other day, when he was having his shoes shined, a group of dark young ladies danced in front of him asking if he were Santa Claus. Yes, he told them; he had cut his beard a little, but would let it grow before Christmas. They then turned somersaults for him, and danced, and gave him a list of the things they wanted him to bring them for next year's holidays. That's another characteristic of New York, he tells me, that very few people wear beards. Burton Rascoe, also connected with Chicago memories, told Mr. Fuller that he could think of no better novel to follow as an example than "On the Stairs". Mr. Rascoe has very nearly finished his own story, "Gustibus", which will probably appear in the autumn.

E. V. Lucas has returned to London, to the management of Methuen's, of which he is chairman, and to that delightful table around which the editors of "Punch" sit in conclave. Before he left, we tried to find Louis Bromfield's house at Cold Spring Harbor, and finally succeeded. Mr. Bromfield was busily engaged, when we arrived, in cutting his novel to a reasonable length. He assured us that bathing was not so cold as we suspected; but we preferred to talk about books and life in a house formerly inhabited by a sea captain. Mr. Lucas told several stories of A. A. Milne, and his experiences with "When We Were Very Young", a book which proves that people want verse and will read it, if it strikes their fancy. This small volume has been a best seller both here and in England. It seems that the Roosevelts on their way to Africa stopped in London only long enough to call upon Mr. Milne and get him to autograph copies of his book for them. Such is success in poetry. This was a particularly good anecdote for Long Island, and was told, appropriately enough, as we passed the Roosevelt grave. Mr. Lucas is one of the wisest and kindliest of all the English authors. Never once while he was here did I hear him say an unkind thing about his contemporaries, although he voiced many wise criticisms and made constant witticisms, witticisms which were as profound, often, as they were amusing. Another English visitor was Basil Blackwell, the Oxford publisher. Mr. Blackwell looks astonishingly young. He has made his reputation largely on the publication of most successful children's books. He tells me that a child's book in England sells much as an ordinary book does here, and that the new volumes are those most in demand. The sale of a child's book here, however, may be quite small the first year, and yet build into popularity over a period of time. The English publishers it has been my pleasure to meet are charming gentlemen, and they know an astonishing amount about our authors. I suppose it is their business, but I must say that they seem to be really interested in American writing.

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From Cincinnati comes the news that George M. Payne, telegraph editor of the "Times-Star", has been elected president of the Associated Press Editors of Ohio. Mr. Payne is also their literary editor out in Cincinnati. He has been a journalist for many years on Chicago, New York, Washington, and St. Louis papers, and a very active gentleman he is. Charles Taft sends me, from Cincinnati also, a masterpiece in the way of a circular letter. It is written by a photographer to Mr. Taft's charming wife:

One has but to read the "Cincinnati Enquirer" to know the culture of our city in every respect.

Cincinnati because of its recognition of the best in music, is saluted as foremost in the ranks of music lovers, likewise, it has finesse in art and literature. Justly, she is called the Queen City.

A logical sequence of all this is the taste on the part of our leading women in their manner of dress and a becoming gown, be it the epitome of simplicity or of glittering gorgeousness, is such a satisfaction to the well-dressed woman. When one's gown is particularly suitable to one's type, it is a most opportune time to picture one's self.

Mr. ——, the artist and photographer, has a most unique ability in this line of endeavor and I shall be very glad to arrange for an appointment with him to portray you in your black new gown of the May Festival, etc., etc.

Another journalistic gem comes from Sada V. Blair. Miss Blair says in her letter: "Isn't there space in your department for this gem? I do not like to think of your readers as deprived of this so 'rare matrimonial surprise', accompanied as it was by the bride's 'eclat'. . . . Then think of the bride's 'eclat', than which nothing but the groom's 'ensconcement' was more full. Can't you just see him?"

The account follows, in part. The bride, it seems, "is a writer of ability, some of her articles having appeared in the more popular magazines" (doubtless more popular than THE BOOKMAN).

At the wedding the bride was costumed in a beautiful fur trimmed creation of cranberry satin with accessories to match. She wore rosewood satin slippers and a corsage of roses, which gave added eclat to her already beautiful attire.

The groom was ensconced in full afternoon dress.

An extended honeymoon is planned for the near future which will take them into Old Mexico, where the groom has several mining interests.

Here is a contest I have been telling all my poetic friends about. Several weeks ago there dropped into the Gossip Shop a benevolent gentleman in tweed knickers. On first glance I thought he had come to take me out for a game of golf, an invitation I should have been forced to refuse since I am not even an optimist * in this connection. It was John Curtis Underwood from New Mexico — not with sports on his mind but with free verse. And I say benevolent because he is giving $1,000 in poetry prizes this fall for the three best unpublished free verse poems, fifty lines or under, submitted to him before September fifteenth by an American citizen or citizens. The first prize is $499; the second, $299; and the third, $202. It was necessary to work this problem out on the office adding machine, surreptitiously, so that Mr. Underwood would not think too ill of my mathematics. When I consider the task Mr. Underwood has set himself (he is the sole judge and will read all the poems himself), I can only hope for cooler weather in Santa Fé than we shall probably have here this summer. Any number of free verse poems may be submitted by one person, but manuscripts will not be returned. They should be addressed to John Curtis Underwood, Santa Fé, New Mexico.

* See any issue of that scintillating weekly, "The New Yorker".

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